The Nation.

May 22, 1989 $1.75 U.S./$2.25 Canada

ALICE WALKER ON THE RIGHT TO LIFE
See Page 691

UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
East Orange, NJ 07019

MAY 9

PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT

INSIDE THE AMAZON

Defending the Rain Forest and Its People

SUSANNA HECHT AND ALEXANDER COCKBURN

"Chico Mendes is dead," Osmarino told the crowd in . . . (Page 695)

EDITORIAL

POSTSCRIPT ON LUCY

Everybody, as we were reminded by profuse and effusive obituaries, loved Lucy. She was zany, she was wacky, "the first lady of CBS." But everybody hated Communists, and Lucy—according to her September 4, 1953, testimony before the House Committee on Un-American Activities—had registered to vote as a member of the Communist Party in 1936.

For entertainers accused of subversive activities in those tragicomical years, the rules were unwritten but universally understood: One refused to answer questions and one was blacklisted; or one cooperated and was forced to turn informer.

Not Lucy. She named no names and went back to work on Monday. Lucy told HUAC she had registered as a Communist only to make her granddad, a lifelong socialist, happy. Was Lucy putting the committee on or kowtowing to it? Which mattered more to CBS, harboring a Red or being in the black? One can't find the answer in such mainstream media as *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, *Time* or *Newsweek*, since none of their obits mentioned the HUAC encounter. That's at least consistent with their failure to report on the blacklist in the first place.

If we are ever going to come to terms with the cold war culture that still has us in its grip—witness the latest Administration outbursts over Afghanistan, West Germany and Nicaragua—we must stop ignoring the unanswered questions and contradictions in our own history.

HISTORY AND THE 'FINAL SOLUTION'
NORMAN BIRNBAUM
IAN KERSHAW

POETRY WINNERS
DEBRA ALLBERY
WAYNE KOESTENBAUM
RICK LYON
GARDNER McFALL

JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY
THOMAS M. DISCH

08585 21
0 377535 6

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS.

PHILOSOPHY IN THE SUPERMARKET

Cambridge, Mass.

Twenty-five years ago, an article on Andy Warhol's Brillo boxes gave Arthur Danto his entrée into the burgeoning and occasionally glamorous world of art theory. Those boxes, and that first article, set the course for much of Danto's future criticism and even gave him the satisfaction of a temporary controversiality, albeit a reflected one. No wonder, now that the original boxes have reappeared in the recent Warhol retrospective, that Danto should feel a little overcome by gratitude and nostalgia ["Art," April 3]. No wonder that he should feel "uncertain that [he knows] what it is to view Warhol's creations disinterestedly." Still, the scale of Danto's hyperbole is somewhat staggering.

I would like to suppose that it is only in the same spirit that Danto compares himself to Aristotle (in a parenthesis), that he compares Warhol to the Impressionists and the Sienese masters. Affectionately lighthearted rhetorical leaps, these; not meant to be taken seriously. Likewise, when Danto calls Warhol "the nearest thing to a philosophical genius" in the history of art, I would be happy to suppose that this strange hybrid accolade, in equal parts patronizing and obsequious, is to be disregarded or taken as something other than what it appears. Appearances, after all—as Danto reminds us so often—can be deceiving: One man's Brillo box is another man's . . . what? "Livelihood" is what leaps, not altogether rhetorically, to my mind.

The idea of twentieth-century art as a "deflected philosophical enterprise" would be a pleasingly neat little fable if it weren't so transparently self-serving, coming from a philosopher. Danto's notion that art works manage to enter the Pantheon only thanks to their distinguished chaperones, the "enfranchising theories" of philosopher critics, is clearly the work of someone for whom Meaning ultimately happens in words, and not in pictures.

How did Warhol "bring history to an end"? (Would that I were paraphrasing!) "By demonstrating that no visual criteria could serve the purpose of defining art." But the idea that Warhol disabused us of some sort of false loyalty to visual criteria is circular, since Danto admits from the start that Warhol's productions were almost "pure philosophy"; in short, hardly visual at all. Those of us inclined to judge the visual arts with our eyes were hardly likely to have been persuaded by them.

Danto's little Hegelian quip (another parenthetical nugget) is especially appropriate, given that his scheme shares not only the shape but also the teleological complacency of Hegel's. Hegel's History found its Culmination in his own nineteenth-century Germany. Danto's art history likewise soars out over Modernist Paris and Dadaist Switzerland only to land, boomerang-fashion, happily at his feet in contemporary Manhattan.

Danto's straw man is, I suppose, some kind of implausibly naïve formalism. Danto is himself guilty of an equally naïve receptionism. The whole conundrum of Warhol's art for Danto—"How could this be art?"—presumes that it already *is* art, and proceeds deductively. "Since this is art, art need not be strictly visual, etc." But deduction is a philosopher's tool. The only approach that responds to art in its own language, the language of forms, is *induction*, the inquiring eye's "What have we here?" Here, as elsewhere, Danto conflates his disciplines, to neither's advantage.

Warhol was a brilliant impresario, a profound deadpan wit and a collaborator, someone who enthusiastically welcomed and accelerated the commercial transformation of the art world. Marketing, rather than aesthetics, was, as he was happy to admit, where Warhol's talent and experience lay. The Brillo boxes, with or without Danto's "enfranchising" rationales, cannot sustain their aggrandizement. Danto's closing comments about the "Age of Warhol" may, however, be on the mark. I must qualify my agreement, though, with a comparison of my own, one no less polemical than Danto's. What if I were to describe Warhol as an ambitious public figure whose unexpectedly broad success in his second career was secured not so much by professional accomplishments as by a talent for finessing the media (nourished by an apprenticeship within it), combined with a populist demeanor, an anecdotal sense of humor and an exceptional willingness to delegate decisions to subordinates? Would the profile of his career begin to sound unpleasantly familiar? The age of Warhol, if it must exist, is the age of R— But I am as reluctant as anyone else to make analogies between art and politics.

Alexi Worth

HEALTH OF NATIONS

Philadelphia

Sarah Schulman's article on AIDS and homelessness in New York City ["Thousands May Die in the Streets," April 10] is a horrifying account of yet another failure of our health care system, among other things. Such accounts are increasingly being heard: of people being turned away from health care centers, the rising costs of health insurance, the disparities between the health status of blacks and whites. While increases in funding may provide some help, the problem is a much more fundamental one.

It is ironic that we speak of an "underfunded health care system" when this country spends more per capita on health care than any other nation in the world, almost 12 percent of the G.N.P. Clearly, the long-term solution to the gross inadequacies of this system is not increased funding but a *reallocation* of the funds now being used.

Such a proposal has recently been made by Physicians for a National Health Program (in the January 12 issue of *The New England Journal of Medicine*). This group proposes the formation of a national health program similar to that now in existence in Canada. In the more civilized nation to our north, all citizens receive health care at no out-of-pocket expense, and only 8 percent of the G.N.P. is used to pay for it.

I urge AIDS activists and advocates for the homeless, along with other progressive voices, to raise the call for a national health program. It is, I believe, an attainable goal and one that can win broad popular support. It will also be an important step toward solving the problems that Sarah Schulman has written about, problems that cry out for immediate attention and, at the same time, demand a more basic restructuring of the ways in which we deal with them. *Darius Rastegar*

CONSIDER THE SPARROW

North Tarrytown, N.Y.

Grace Schulman's May 1 editorial, "Political Poems," was illuminating. Having researched Shakespeare's late tragedies, I have found that his sociopolitical insights, oblique but trenchant, accord with the editorial's criteria—the primacy of personal feeling and a unique impactful style (i.e., "the deep image") as a sine qua non for first-class "political poetry."

Russian commentaries on Shakespeare take a different view of, say, *King Lear*. The noted Russian director Grigori Kozintsev elicited a liberating subtext from the play, one that Western scholars often overlook for the sake of style, imagery and literary/dramatic values.

In his book *Shakespeare: Time and Conscience*, Kozintsev discusses Lear's conversion in Act III during the storm on the heath. He meets Edgar, the destitute Poor Tom, who "eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wallnewt." There is a secret in the writhing beggar that he must unlock: "Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! . . . Thou art the thing itself." He has found himself no longer "every inch a king" but as the vagabond "unaccommodated man, a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art."

The corollary of Schulman's editorial is that we must also perceive the message of our universal "connectedness" on a planet of more than 4 billion people with its submerged two-thirds—a message that older literary poets have bequeathed us, but that we too often pass over as inconvenient, yes, even conscience-pricking. *Fr. Neil P. Hurley, S.J.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 248, Number 20

LETTERS
686

EDITORIALS
685 Postscript on Lucy
687 Dead Souls
688 Balk! *George Black*
689 F.D.R., Anyone? *Thomas Ferguson*

COLUMNS
690 Minority Report *Christopher Hitchens*

ARTICLES
691 What Can the White Man . . . . . Say to the Black Woman? *Alice Walker*
692 Crude Contradictions: Coping With the OPEC Oil Glut *S.J. Fromartz*
695 Lands, Trees and Justice: Defenders of the Amazon *Susanna Hecht and Alexander Cockburn*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
703 Maier: The Unmasterable Past: History, Holocaust and German National Identity *Norman Birnbaum*
704 Mayer: Why Did the Heavens Not Darken?: The "Final Solution" In History *Ian Kershaw*
706 Prizewinning Poets—1989 *Wayne Koestenbaum, Gardner McFall, Debra Allbery, Rick Lyon*
709 Art *Arthur C. Danto*
713 Theater *Thomas M. Disch*

Drawings by Monica Incisa

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Richard Pollak; *Associate Editors*, George Black, Andrew Kopkind; *Assistant Editor*, Micah L. Sifry; *Literary Editor*, Elsa Dixler; *Assistant Literary Editor*, Julie Abraham; *Poetry Editor*, Grace Schulman; *Managing Editor*, JoAnn Wypijewski; *Research Director*, Vania Del Borgo; *Copy Chief*, Art Winslow; *Assistant Copy Editors*, Judith Long, Tracy Tullis; *Assistant to the Editor*, Dennis Selby; *Interns*, Stephen Doherty, Tara Dooley, Jill Hamburg, Cara Letofsky, Edward Miliband, Richard McKerrow, Scott R. Shaeffer, Paul Singer (Washington). *On leave*, Richard Lingeman, Katrina vanden Heuvel.

Departments: Architecture, Jane Holtz Kay; *Art*, Arthur C. Danto; *Dance*, Mindy Aloff; *Fiction*, John Leonard; *Lingo*, Jim Quinn; *Music*, David Hamilton, Edward W. Said, Gene Santoro; *Theater*, Thomas M. Disch, Moira Hodgson; *Bureaus: Washington, D.C.*, Jefferson Morley and David Corn, *editors*; *Latin America*, Penny Lernoux; *Europe*, Daniel Singer; *United Kingdom*, E.P. Thompson; *Paris*, Claude Bourdet; *Corporations*, Robert Sherrill; *Defense*, Michael T. Klare; *Columnists and Regular Contributors:* Calvin Trillin (*Uncivil Liberties*), Stephen F. Cohen (*Sovieticus*), Alexander Cockburn (*Beat the Devil*), Christopher Hitchens (*Minority Report*), Stuart Klawans (*The Small Time*), Edward Sorel; *Contributing Editors:* Kai Bird, Thomas Ferguson, Doug Henwood, Max Holland, Molly Ivins, Katha Pollitt, Joel Rogers, Kirkpatrick Sale, Herman Schwartz, Michael Thomas, Gore Vidal, Jon Wiener; *Editorial Board:* Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Elinor Langer, Michael Pertschuk, Elizabeth Pochoda, Marcus G. Raskin, A.W. Singham, Roger Wilkins.

Manuscripts: The magazine cannot be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless accompanied by addressed, stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Arthur L. Carter

President and Associate Publisher, David Parker; *General Manager*, Neil Black; *Advertising Director*, Chris Calhoun; *Business Manager*, Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeepers*, Tanveer Mall, Ivor A. Richardson; *Art/Production Manager*, Jane Sharples; *Circulation Director*, Margaret Pyle; *Subscription Manager*, Cookee V. Klein; *Publicity Director*, Sarah Perl; *Director, Nation Books*, Elsa Dixler; *Assistant Advertising Manager*, Eamonn Fitzgerald; *Receptionists*, Greta Loell, Vivette Dhanukdhari; *Mail Clerk*, John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary*, Shirley Sulat; *Production*, Terry Miller; *Typography*, Randall Cherry, Sandy McCroskey; *Nation Associates: Director*, Sandra Zickefoose, *Assistant Director*, Carlos Durazo; *Syndication*, Jeff Sorensen; *New Business Manager*, Jay Pearsall; *Special Projects Director*, Peter G. Meyer; *InterNation*, Chris Calhoun.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by The Nation Company, Inc. © 1989 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Company, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (212) 242-8400. *Washington Bureau:* Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: *The Nation*, Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305. *Subscription Price*: One year, $36; two years, $64. Add $14 for surface mail postage outside U.S. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days (120 days foreign) of publication date. **Please allow 4-6 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $3 prepaid ($4 foreign) from: *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. *The Nation* is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *The Nation*, Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305. This issue went to press on May 4.

EDITORIALS.

Dead Souls

During the recent one-day plenary session of the Soviet Communist Party's Central Committee, Mikhail Gorbachev managed to eliminate nearly a quarter of its total membership: to be precise, seventy-four conservative "dead souls" out of 301 full members. More important, the debate, which was quite heated, was published in its entirety in the Soviet press, breaking with the undemocratic custom of selective summary established under Stalin. The change is crucial, for the publication of discussion at the top is a precondition for genuine debate at all levels.

Central Committee members are elected by the party congress, held every five years. In practice, they have been selected because of the position they held in the party apparatus or the administration. However, since the last congress, in 1986, the purge of officials has been constant, affecting not only such personalities as former Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko and ex-Premier Nikolai Tikhonov but also a host of lesser figures in the Soviet *nomenklatura*. Still, they could

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not be removed from the Central Committee—until now, that is, when by some magic Gorbachev has persuaded the bulk of these "distinguished pensioners" to resign. (According to the General Secretary's figures, only nine full members and three candidates failed to do this.) Even so, their replacements cannot be voted onto the Central Committee until the spring of 1991, when the next congress is scheduled. In the meantime, it has been possible to promote only a few candidates to full membership.

Even with the reduction of the party parliament to 251 members, Gorbachev is unlikely to have things all his own way. At the April 25 session the departing pensioners were not the only ones complaining. The apparatchiks were still stunned by the blows they suffered in the March elections to the Supreme Soviet, and alarmed by the prospect of even worse defeats in this autumn's polls for the local soviets. Yuri Solovyev, candidate member of the Politburo and chief among the six official victims of the March voting in Leningrad, made it plain that he considered Moscow jointly responsible for the catastrophe. Vladimir Melnikov, party secretary for the northern Komi region, warned that, as things stand, the party leadership will not find many volunteers for the electoral slaughter. The critics may have been so outspoken because they did not expect their words to appear in print. Only at the end of the meeting did Gorbachev suggest publishing the proceedings.

In his concluding speech, the Soviet leader painted a far from rosy picture. He spoke in gloomy terms of food and housing shortages, of the country's serious financial problems and of growing nationalism. He summed up his dilemma aptly: "We are now solving tasks of historical scope. But people live today, and they are interested first of all in the possibility of rapid improvement in their real conditions of life." Having skillfully won yet another battle, Gorbachev knows it is not his last. International successes could help him consolidate his position, particularly if they allow him, by cutting expenditures on arms, to shift scarce resources to satisfy the needs of impatient Soviet consumers.

In Washington, however, the politics of fear, dressed up as prudence, still prevail. Nothing illustrates this better than the split within NATO over Chancellor Helmut Kohl's proposal for early negotiations with the Warsaw Pact on short-range nuclear weapons. U.S. analysts are indulging in all manner of contorted reasoning to avoid the fact that Kohl is responding to the changes in the Soviet Union. No, they say, it's just grandstanding by a government panicked by local election defeats. Or, at a deeper level, they imply, you can never trust the Germans. Any sign of independent thinking, be it Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik* of the 1970s, the peace marches of 1982-83 or the new Kohl initiative, immediately provokes a muttering that Bonn is growing "unreliable" again.

The West Germans really can't win; either they are accused of planning another *Drang nach Osten* or they are seen as neurotic neutralists, and thus naïve prey to Gorbachev's Machiavellian "charm offensive." By this point in the chain of argument, we're only a step away from the reductionist view that the split in NATO is the result of another fiendish Kremlin plot to isolate the United States and paralyze Western Europe, based on Stalin's ancient dream of a neutral Germany. The beauty of any world view based on this kind of paranoia is that it is infinitely adaptable to changed circumstances. No matter how many pensioners may be purged from the Central Committee, the West must remain eternally vigilant—and in any case, as Defense Secretary Dick Cheney seems to believe, Gorbachev will probably be overthrown by a hard-liner anyway.

"The problem," one unnamed State Department hack told *The New York Times*, "is that some German politicians seem to think that [Gorbachev's] new world has already arrived." But worlds do not arrive; they are made. And that involves reciprocity, imagination and the willingness to take risks. At bottom (not that the peace movement will ever get any credit), Kohl's arms initiative is a vindication of those who took to the streets seven years ago. It is also West Germany's demand to be an independent voice rather than a U.S. lapdog. That, in turn, is a reflection of the new global environment in which European power waxes and U.S. power wanes. Americans still seem unable to grasp, as they have seemed unable since NATO was founded forty years ago this spring, that the battlefield on which another world war would be fought is Europe—or, as Gorbachev calls it, the "common European home." Germans understand that phrase better than anyone. Kohl's Foreign Minister, Hans-Dietrich Genscher, was born in Halle, which is now an East German city; and Bonn's economic overtures to the Soviet bloc will strengthen the process of democratic change in Eastern Europe—which is the key to ending the cold war.

Washington may yet painfully discover, as Moscow has, that it no longer has unilateral powers over its European allies. But for now, it appears paralyzed in trying to adhere to two fundamentally contradictory views. On one hand, it insists on the triumphal claim that the Russian Revolution has failed, that Communism was a brief, bizarre blip on the radar screen of the twentieth century. On the other, it insists that nothing has really changed, and that the West must keep up its nuclear guard forever. In Washington, the dead souls are still in power.

Balk!

Why did George Bush throw out the first pitch at New York's Shea Stadium on opening day in 1987? One clue may lie in a report by *Newsday* Washington correspondent Roy Gutman. Like many of his colleagues, Gutman has been trying to figure out whether Bush offered Honduras a quid pro quo for supporting the *contras*. Naah, say knowledgeable Washington types: too crass; the veep would never have risked leaving fingerprints. But whatever larger deal may have been struck, Gutman's Honduran sources say that Bush did make at least one promise to military commander Gen. Walter Lopez, an avid *beisbol* fan: to bring two major-league players down on a good-will visit.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One was pitcher Nolan Ryan, which gives a whole new twist to the phrase "arms for the *contras*." The ace right-hander (a leftie, presumably, would have been vetoed) was a Houston Astro in January 1986, when he went to Honduras with former Yale first baseman Bush. Today, at the age of 42 (four days older than Dan Quayle, in fact) he is still mowing down opposing hitters for the Texas Rangers, a team partly owned by George W. Bush, the President's son. The second player was New York Mets catcher Gary Carter. "Gary and the President go way back," says Mets public relations director Jay Horwitz. "Gary considers him a friend." What did the three chums do on their trip to Honduras? "Oh," Horwitz says, "they did a clinic for the natives." Carter, who campaigned for Bush in 1988, has even spoken of a career in politics once his playing days are over. That may be soon. As we went to press, Carter was batting .125 and striking out a lot. Which, come to think of it, could also be said of the *contras*.

GEORGE BLACK

F.D.R., Anyone?

There they go again. On April 20, in the midst of a long news story on George Bush's early presidential popularity ratings, *The New York Times* hailed Ronald Reagan as "one of the most popular Presidents in American history."

It is tiresome always to be pointing out that this ever-popular and seemingly indestructible refrain monumentally distorts the truth. But it does. In lieu of tedious recitations of the facts, just consider Figure 1 below, which displays Reagan's popularity ratings alongside those of his predecessors. It is obvious that the roller coaster swings in the Great Communicator's public approval scores scarcely add up to the average performances of Franklin D. Roosevelt, John F.Kennedy or Dwight D. Eisenhower. Figure 2, in addition, shows what may not be manifest in the graph: that Reagan's overall approval rating fell appreciably below Lyndon Johnson's and was not impressively above Jimmy Carter's.

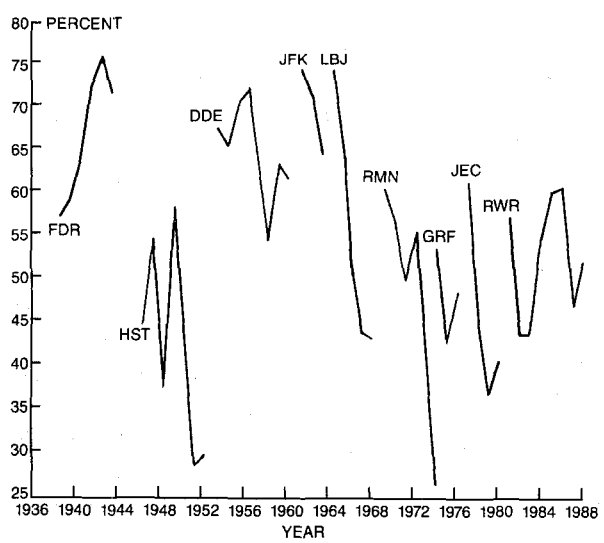
Everyone familiar with opinion surveys recognizes the *New York Times*/CBS News poll as one of the very best in the country—one of the handful that attempt rigorously to control the quality of interviews and that routinely share data with outside researchers. But April 20 was not the only day in the past nine years when a little cloud appeared to settle in over *Times* correspondents charged with reviewing trends in public opinion toward Ronald Reagan. Is it idle to hope that the paper that has probably done more than any other to raise the standards of journalistic reporting on surveys will take another look at the numbers?

THOMAS FERGUSON

Thomas Ferguson is professor of political science and senior associate at the McCormack Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Massachusetts, Boston. He is co-author of Right Turn: The Decline of the Democrats and the Future of American Politics *(Hill & Wang).*

FIGURE 1

Presidential Approval, 1938-88
(Gallup Poll)

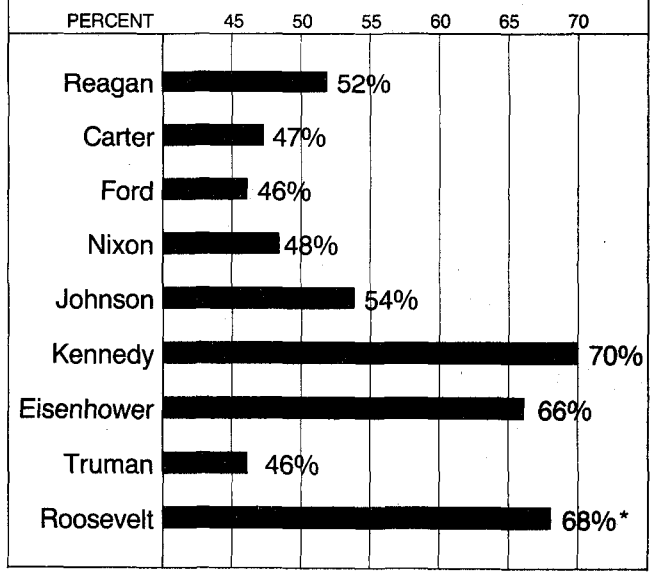


Note: Averaged by year. Question: "Do you approve or disapprove of the way (X) is handling his job as president?"

Sources: 1938-86 follows H.W. Stanley and R.G. Niemi, *Vital Statistics On American Politics* (CQ Press); 1987 averaged from Gallup *Report*, July 1988; 1988 from Gallup *Report*, January 1989.

FIGURE 2

Presidential Job Approval
(Gallup Poll Averages for Entire Period in Office)



Source: Gallup *Report*, January 1989.

* The figures for F.D.R. begin in 1938.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

In Huambo, in central Angola, I was awakened one night in 1980 by a large detonation. It came from a randomly placed bomb, and though I didn't realize it at the time, it was one of the first heralds of the Reagan doctrine. Not that the people of Huambo were hearing their first bomb. In 1975 the South Africans had declared the city the provisional capital of the Democratic Republic of Angola and had installed a sham regime consisting of the self-proclaimed leadership of their "guerrilla" proxies. Fighting between tribalized factions of this would-be bantustan made it easier, in 1976, for the Angolan government to retake Huambo, which has not since been threatened with capture by any of South Africa's surrogates. One of those surrogate groups, financed also by Mobutu, has disintegrated. The other one will live just as long as its patrons allow. When I asked about the bomb the next morning, tired residents spoke with resignation about "Judas Savimbi."

Savimbi: one of the most protean and opportunist figures in Africa. Perfectly suited in many ways as an exemplar of the Reagan-Bush-North "freedom fighter" fantasy, he has at various times been a collaborator with the Portuguese imperial authorities, a noisy and ridiculous endorser of Chairman Mao and the Cultural Revolution, and the black skin on South Africa's white mask. The best endorsement he ever got was from Jeane Kirkpatrick, who described him as a "linguist, philosopher, poet, politician, warrior." Unwilling to leave it at that, she added, "He is one of the few authentic heroes of our time." ("Oh, Jeane, do you *really* mean it? About the *philosophy*, I mean.")

The last I read, the *contras* were not doing as well as Kirkpatrick and Elliott Abrams had promised they would, and even the Afghan mujahedeen were experiencing the odd political contradiction. The Renamo gangs in Mozambique are so repulsive that not even the Reaganites would admit in public to liking them. So this leaves Jonas Savimbi as the sole survivor of the Reagan doctrine.

Instead of telling you what I think of him myself, why not tell you what one of his most active and committed former supporters says. Sousa Jamba has been a Unita militant for many years, and his articles in the *Spectator* in London have always been notable for their humor and honesty. He is also a member of the Ovimbundu tribe, which Savimbi claims to represent. I should add that when the M.P.L.A. government in Angola makes any self-criticism, it does admit that its base among the Ovimbundu is slender and that too few Ovimbundus are in its leadership. So Jamba has a genuine quarrel with the Angolan government, and it costs him dearly to break with his former leader.

Under the heading "A Butcher With a PhD" (presumably a reference to Savimbi's poetry and philosophy), he reveals what an increasing number of Unita dissidents now confirm. He describes a spectacle in Savimbi's latest provisional capital (also called Jamba) "that will be remembered forever":

> Twelve women and three children who were accused of practising witchcraft were burnt to death. Savimbi and his phalanx of generals witnessed the burning; and when one of the women tried to escape Savimbi pulled out his famous ivory pistol and tried to shoot at her.

This atrocity occurred in September 1983, and the Unita dissidents are bringing it up now chiefly because they have other, more intimate quarrels with Savimbi. A number of his senior lieutenants, many of them popular in the ranks, have been "disappeared" and some accused of witchcraft. Among them are Jorge Sangumba and Valdemar Chindondo, senior military cadres of the organization, and Tito Chingungi, who as late as last year was Unita's foreign minister. In that capacity he arranged for Savimbi to receive the Medgar Evers award at a ceremony in Mississippi put on by some credulous Afro-American Reaganites.

Tito's nephew Dinho Chingungi, a Unita-funded student in London, has also confirmed the witch burning story from eyewitness testimony. In a recorded interview that I have seen, he coldly describes the practice of "intensive witchcraft examination" and says that in the case of members of his own family it involved "tampering with genital organs." The year the central square at Jamba was employed for this, 1983, was also a banner year for Savimbi and the American press. Squads of journalists were filing moist reports about the maximum leader and his sturdy supporters, discounting his South African weaponry and treasury as "tactical" while arguing that the United States should be doing the arming and paying instead. None of these tourists of the counterrevolution have yet uttered a squeak about the latest disclosures, with the honorable exception of Fred Bridgland, whose hagiographic profile of Savimbi, *A Key to Africa*, became a document of the Reagan doctrine. After some unsettling recent experiences in Jamba, he now says that the evidence of purging and witch hunting brought forward by Unita defectors is "80 to 90 percent correct."

I must say it doesn't surprise me all that much. When Unita forces were driven out of Huambo, there were some pretty gruesome discoveries in the common graves they left behind. And Savimbi's broadcast propaganda has always been racist and tribalist, putting a demagogic "black power" emphasis on the number of white and mixed-race members of the M.P.L.A. political command. That this antiwhite and antibrown propaganda is financed by South Africa is only an aspect of the pathology of apartheid.

Shock at all this may be pardonable in the case of some naïve Unita supporters, but it is inconceivable that the C.I.A. and the conservative hard-liners were unaware of the sort of man they were backing. Did they imagine the Bothas would pick a reformer? The result has been a miserable protraction of Angola's battle for independence, an untold cost in life and dignity, and a breathing space for the apartheid regime, which still hopes to do to independent Namibia what it has done to independent Mozambique and Angola. In other words, a voodoo foreign policy. George Bush made his first foreign affairs commitment in the shape of a letter to Savimbi, assuring him of continued support and admiration. That says much about both men.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES.

WHAT CAN THE WHITE MAN . . .

. . . Say to the Black Woman?

ALICE WALKER

What is of use in these words I offer in memory and recognition of our common mother. And to my daughter.

What can the white man say to the black woman?

For four hundred years he ruled over the black woman's womb.

Let us be clear. In the barracoons and along the slave shipping coasts of Africa, for more than twenty generations, it was he who dashed our babies' brains out against the rocks.

What can the white man say to the black woman?

For four hundred years he determined which black woman's children would live or die.

Let it be remembered. It was he who placed our children on the auction block in cities all across the eastern half of what is now the United States, and listened to and watched them beg for their mothers' arms, before being sold to the highest bidder and dragged away.

What can the white man say to the black woman?

We remember that Fannie Lou Hamer, a poor sharecropper on a Mississippi plantation, was one of twenty-one children; and that on plantations across the South black women often had twelve, fifteen, twenty children. Like their enslaved mothers and grandmothers before them, these black women were sacrificed to the profit the white man could make from harnessing their bodies and their children's bodies to the cotton gin.

What can the white man say to the black woman?

We see him lined up on Saturday nights, century after century, to make the black mother, who must sell her body to feed her children, go down on her knees to him.

Let us take note:

He has not cared for a single one of the dark children in his midst, over hundreds of years.

Where are the children of the Cherokee, my great grandmother's people?

Gone.

Where are the children of the Blackfoot?

Gone.

Where are the children of the Lakota?

Gone.

Of the Cheyenne?

Of the Chippewa?

Of the Iroquois?

Of the Sioux?

Of the Mandinka?

Of the Ibo?

Of the Ashanti?

Where are the children of the "Slave Coast" and Wounded Knee?

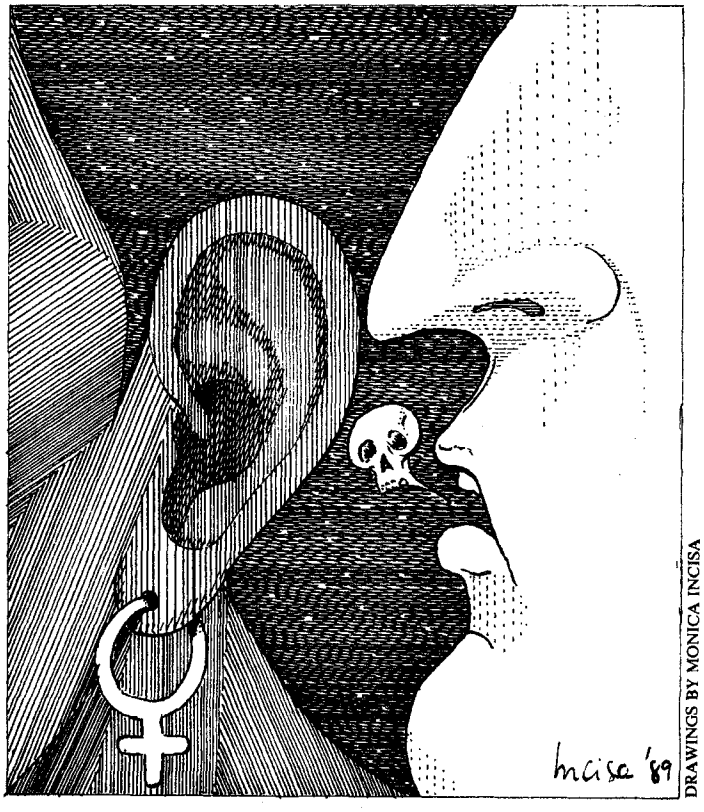
We do not forget the forced sterilizations and forced starvations on the reservations, here as in South Africa. Nor do we forget the smallpox-infested blankets Indian children were given by the Great White Fathers of the United States government.

What has the white man to say to the black woman?

When we have children you do everything in your power to make them feel unwanted from the moment they are born. You send them to fight and kill other dark mothers' children around the world. You shove them onto public highways into the path of oncoming cars. You shove their heads through plate glass windows. You string them up and you string them out.

What has the white man to say to the black woman?

From the beginning, you have treated all dark children with absolute hatred.



DRAWINGS BY MONICA INCISA

Alice Walker is the author of the new novel The Temple of My Familiar *and* The Color Purple *(both Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). This address was delivered April 8 in Washington in support of the National March for Women's Equality and Women's Lives.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thirty million African children died on the way to the Americas, where nothing awaited them but endless toil and the crack of a bullwhip. They died of a lack of food, of lack of movement in the holds of ships. Of lack of friends and relatives. They died of depression, bewilderment and fear.

What has the white man to say to the black woman?

Let us look around us: Let us look at the world the white man has made for the black woman and her children.

It is a world in which the black woman is still forced to provide cheap labor, in the form of children, for the factories and on the assembly lines of the white man.

It is a world into which the white man dumps every foul, person-annulling drug he smuggles into creation.

It is a world where many of our babies die at birth, or later of malnutrition, and where many more grow up to live lives of such misery they are forced to choose death by their own hands.

What has the white man to say to the black woman, and to all women and children everywhere?

Let us consider the depletion of the ozone; let us consider homelessness and the nuclear peril; let us consider the destruction of the rain forests—in the name of the almighty hamburger. Let us consider the poisoned apples and the poisoned water and the poisoned air and the poisoned earth.

And that all of our children, because of the white man's assault on the planet, have a possibility of death by cancer in their almost immediate future.

What has the white, male lawgiver to say to any of us? To those of us who love life too much to willingly bring more children into a world saturated with death?

Abortion, for many women, is more than an experience of suffering beyond anything most men will ever know; it is an act of mercy, and an act of self-defense.

To make abortion illegal again is to sentence millions of women and children to miserable lives and even more miserable deaths.

Given his history, in relation to us, I think the white man should be ashamed to attempt to speak for the unborn children of the black woman. To force us to have children for him to ridicule, drug and turn into killers and homeless wanderers is a testament to his hypocrisy.

What can the white man say to the black woman?

Only one thing that the black woman might hear.

Yes, indeed, the white man can say, Your children have the right to life. Therefore I will call back from the dead those 30 million who were tossed overboard during the centuries of the slave trade. And the other millions who died in my cotton fields and hanging from my trees.

I will recall all those who died of broken hearts and broken spirits, under the insult of segregation.

I will raise up all the mothers who died exhausted after birthing twenty-one children to work sunup to sundown on my plantation. I will restore to full health all those who perished for lack of food, shelter, sunlight, and love; and from my inability to see them as human beings.

But I will go even further:

I will tell you, black woman, that I wish to be forgiven the sins I commit daily against you and your children. For I know that until I treat your children with love, I can never be trusted by my own. Nor can I respect myself.

And I will free your children from insultingly high infant mortality rates, short life spans, horrible housing, lack of food, rampant ill health. I will liberate them from the ghetto. I will open wide the doors of all the schools and hospitals and businesses of society to your children. I will look at your children and see not a threat but a joy.

I will remove myself as an obstacle in the path that your children, against all odds, are making toward the light. I will not assassinate them for dreaming dreams and offering new visions of how to live. I will cease trying to lead your children, for I can see I have never understood where I was going. I will agree to sit quietly for a century or so, and meditate on this.

This is what the white man can say to the black woman.

We are listening. □

CRUDE CONTRADICTIONS

Coping With the OPEC Oil Glut

S.J. FROMARTZ

The Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries has come far from the days of the first oil shock in 1973, when the Middle East producers unveiled the "oil weapon" and sent the price of crude soaring. At its height, the group was a symbol for the Third World, a vehicle through which the producers asserted sovereignty over their natural resources. In the process, it became the pipeline for the most dramatic transfer of wealth since World War II. But the world of oil has changed since then, and the nationalistic fervor has largely receded. The images once so familiar in the West—oil-rich sheiks, a fuel-starved Europe, United States and Japan and a dominant OPEC—have grown outdated. OPEC now functions more like a loose industrial organization desperately trying to match its raw material production to the world's needs.

In 1986 and again last year, oil prices fell below $10 a barrel, forcing OPEC to stem the glut of crude. The group's resolve was crucial not only for its continued existence but also for the health of the countries, companies, banks and regions dependent on crude oil revenues. OPEC turned the tide in 1987 and brought prices back up, only to see them collapse a year later. In the past six months OPEC has again reined in production, raising the price of crude by more than 50 percent, to $18 a barrel—an eighteen-month high. However, political conflicts, economic self-interest, falling

S.J. Fromartz is a New York City–based writer who covers business and finance.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

market share and a gradual move by OPEC's most important members to increase their business dealings with the West have imposed new limits on the group, diluting its power.

OPEC first flexed its muscle in 1970, when a brash young revolutionary, Col. Muammar el-Qaddafi, demanded—and won—a greater share of wealth from the international oil companies operating in Libya. Envy of his success rippled through the world, leading to a renegotiation of profit-sharing formulas from Venezuela to Iran. The Arab nationalist sentiment on which Qaddafi built his power coalesced in the Middle East during the Yom Kippur war, when the Arab world embargoed crude shipments to the United States in protest over its support of Israel, creating the first oil shock. The Arab producers asserted their power when demand for oil was at its height, leaving the West little room to maneuver. In such an environment, the fear of a shortage was more important to OPEC's price-setting power than a shortage itself.

The balance of power began to shift in the late 1970s as the West and Japan eased the role of crude in their economic growth, slowly becoming more energy efficient. Small cars, insulation of houses, more efficient production methods and alternative sources of energy tempered the upward curve of demand. The second oil shock, following the Iranian revolution of 1979, pushed oil to $40 a barrel, forcing consumers to speed up the search for new oil sources.

In the United States, Prudhoe Bay wells came on line, linked to the lower forty-eight through the trans-Alaskan pipeline. Britain and Norway burst on the scene as exporters in the late 1970s, exploiting the huge North Sea oil and gas fields. The development of Mexico's oilfields in the 1970s also chipped away at OPEC's preserve. And the Soviet Union, the largest oil producer in the world, slowly increased production.

The result was a gradual paring away of OPEC's output and market share. In 1977 exports from OPEC reached a peak of nearly 28 million barrels a day, but that had dropped to 12 million barrels a decade later. Its share of world oil production declined from 52 percent to 32 percent over the same period. Many observers even became cautious about describing the group as a "cartel," given that it no longer controlled a major share of the world crude-oil market.

Declining exports led to an extreme contraction of income among OPEC members, forcing them to spend cash reserves and increase borrowing to finance the domestic projects that they had planned during the decade of high oil prices. Oil revenues for Saudi Arabia, the group's largest producer, jumped from $2.4 billion in 1970 to nearly $120 billion in 1981. But six years later, the kingdom's oil revenues had fallen to just $20 billion and its cash reserves were estimated to be shrinking by $1 billion a month. "They had an unheard-of amount of wealth, and in seven or eight years it has been dissipated," observed Charles Maxwell, a senior oil analyst with the brokerage house C.J. Lawrence Morgan Grenfell. But the Saudis and other rich gulf states like Kuwait were relatively well off compared with such debt-plagued OPEC members as Venezuela, Ecuador, Nigeria and Algeria, which were attempting to balance their debt

INDIA-KASHMIR-NEPAL

17 DAY TOUR
$3399

GUARANTEED DEPARTURES: N.Y. / N.Y.
1989 May Through December
1990 January Through December
Best Time October Through April

ITINERARY: Delhi 3, Udaipur 1, Jaipur 1, Agra 2, Khajuraho 1, Varanasi 1, Kathmandu 2, Delhi 1, Kashmir 2, Delhi 1.

HOTELS: Deluxe, 2 Meals Daily, Deluxe Houseboat in Kashmir

Full Sightseeing & Excursions.
Many Cultural, Theatrical Evenings.

14 Day & 24 Day Tours Available.

Commissions Available for Groups of 4 or more

PROGRESSIVE WORLD TOURS
"a nice efficient travel company"
4003 Islewood Dr. • Deerfield Beach, FL 33442 • (305)427-4779
Specialists in Russia, Eastern Europe, Mongolia & China

NICARAGUA
10TH ANNIVERSARY
Marazul Study Tours

July 8 - 22, 1989 July 15 - 29, 1989

$985 from Miami; $860 from Mexico
Please write for itinerary and cost details.

Prices subject to change. Write or call for complete programs and list of tours.

The Progressive Professionals - A full service travel agency
Specialists in programs to Cuba and Nicaragua

MARAZUL
Marazul Tours, Inc.
250 W 57 St, Suite 1311, New York, NY 10107
212 582-9570
800 233-5334 Outside NY State

SUBSCRIBER SERVICES

MOVING?

Send both your old mailing label and your new address to:

THE NATION
P.O. Box 1953
Marion OH 43305

Please allow 4-6 weeks for processing.

PROBLEMS?

If you have any problems or questions regarding your subscription, please write to us at the address to the left, or call:

1-800-669-1002*
8:30 am to 8:30 pm EST
*Please note this number is for subscriber inquiries only.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

payments with oil income. Once that revenue source began to dry up, the poorer oil producers saw the economic crisis played out on their city streets.

The political divisions within OPEC have also grown more pronounced in the 1980s. Up to last year, Iran consistently sought higher prices to fund the costly eight-year war against its OPEC partner, Iraq. Saudi Arabia, fearful of Iranian-inspired unrest and mindful of its own close relationship with the United States, opposed Iran's hawkish stance on oil. Joined by Kuwait, Saudi Arabia provided unofficial but active support to Iraq in the war. At a time when Iran's oil minister was proposing a third price shock, Saudi Arabia even flooded the market with crude in 1985, producing the collapse in prices the following year.

The conditions that produced the oil embargo of 1973 have clearly changed. The Israeli invasion of Lebanon in 1982, the U.S. bombing of Libya in 1986 and downing of the civilian Iranian airliner last year—each might have unleashed the oil weapon. But the world surplus and deep-seated conflicts among the producers have consistently precluded its use. In their own words, the oil weapon has become a wooden sword.

Faced with dwindling revenues, each producer has had every incentive to try to sell a bit more oil on the world market, creating a glut that ebbs and flows with the alternate strength and weakness of OPEC. In 1985 and again last year, the Saudis took this position to its logical conclusion when they flooded the market, attempting to regain market share that was lost to non-OPEC nations when the price of oil was high and conservation on the rise. To the less disciplined members of OPEC, the glut served as a painful reminder of what might happen if they overproduce.

For the gasoline-buying public, the drop in prices has seemed like a return to the pre-OPEC era. But beyond the gasoline pump, the price decline of 1986 set off an economic chain reaction from which we have yet to recover. The oil-dependent states of the Southwest went into a tailspin, contributing to the crisis in the savings and loan industry. Mexico, dependent on oil revenues to pay its enormous foreign debt, found itself facing a crisis mirrored by the other debt-burdened oil producers. Nervous bankers as well as oil men watched the price of crude, concerned about Third World debt payments and failing independent oil companies. This was not lost on George Bush, the former oil man whose Zapata Petroleum Corporation later became part of the Houston-based Pennzoil Company. In a trip to the Middle East in 1986, Bush went to great lengths to express just how harmful low prices were to U.S. oil producers—not to mention U.S. national security. In 1973 the United States had been threatened by soaring oil prices and a strong OPEC. Thirteen years later, it was alarmed by the failure of OPEC to act like a cartel.

It was just such a fear of falling prices that sent OPEC—with the West's blessing—back to the bargaining table in Vienna last November. Some commentators described the meeting as the most crucial in OPEC's twenty-eight-year existence. A major aim was to bring Iraq back into the group after a two-year absence, provoked by its failure to receive a production quota equal to its enemy, Iran. Despite their bitter enmity, the prospect of rebuilding their war-torn countries was enough to prod Iran and Iraq into signing the accord. A production ceiling for all thirteen member nations was established, similar to the pact arranged after the 1986 crisis, which aimed to lift oil prices to $18 a barrel.

Although the success of the Vienna meeting gave crude markets a sharp lift, OPEC-watchers are wondering whether the accord can survive. "It's like the old Wall Street vices of greed and fear," says analyst Albert Anton of the oil and gas brokerage house Carl H. Pforzheimer and Company. "When prices are high it seems like greed takes over and they overproduce. But we've seen twice, when prices get into the single figures, they are able to make very difficult decisions." Since Vienna, a series of overtures to non-OPEC producers has appeared to yield results that strengthen the November accord. The Soviet Union, for instance, complemented its diplomatic offensive in the Middle East this winter with the announcement of a significant cutback in production. Recent accidents in the North Sea and the spill in Alaska's Prince William Sound have cut supplies even further.

As OPEC's aims have grown more modest, many of the oil producers have sought to build economic links with the West. Kuwait, perhaps the most forceful proponent of this new movement, bought up the European network of Gulf Oil's stations in the early 1980s, renaming the pumps Q8. By 1988, Kuwait had acquired a 22 percent stake in the world's third largest oil company, British Petroleum—much to the chagrin of B.P., which once held the Kuwait oil concession. But Britain, that bastion of free enterprise, last year ordered Kuwait to cut its B.P. stake to 9.9 percent, citing national security concerns. Kuwait complied early this year.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(It's interesting to note that B.P., formerly a government-owned enterprise, faced little opposition when it bought out Standard Oil of Ohio in 1987, becoming the largest owner of oil and gas reserves in the United States.) Venezuela has also purchased refineries in the United States, and last year Saudi Arabia bought a one-half interest in 11,450 gas stations and three oil refineries owned by Texaco—a joint venture worth $2 billion to the oil company.

Economists who study the industry have coined the term "reintegration" to describe this new movement. The countries that nationalized their oilfields, depriving the major companies of their source of supply, are now reattaching the source of crude to its eventual outlet. This has further integrated the OPEC nations into the West, diminishing the prospects that a sharp disruption in supplies will occur. OPEC has realized that it needs a stable market for its supplies as much as the West needs its oil. This newfound relationship, which goes beyond oil to increased trade in goods and services, has not been lost on the petroleum companies. "Trade begets trade, and eventually the oil producers will become as dependent on the consuming nations as we are on them," Mobil chair Allen Murray said recently. "Interdependence makes for stability, not only economically but politically as well." Interdependence with the Middle East, of course, also has a dangerous oil-for-arms component. Oil revenues fueled the eight-year war between Iran and Iraq and one of the greatest regional arms buildups in the postwar world, solidifying repressive regimes. That type of stability we could do without.

Glut and scarcity, like greed and fear, have been with the oil industry since its inception. When oil was discovered in the hills of Pennsylvania in the mid-nineteenth century, it sold for $20 a barrel. A year later the price had sunk to 10 cents. Adjusting for the rate of inflation, crude costs about the same now as it did in 1973 after the first oil shock—seemingly discounting the second price hike of 1979 and the wild fluctuations of the past few years. But much has changed. The United States has grown dangerously dependent on overseas oil and now imports nearly as much as it produces. At the same time, the sense of urgency that gripped the West in the 1970s has largely given way to complacency. Oil appears plentiful and cheap, big cars are back in fashion and the energy crisis seems like a distant memory.

There's no doubt that the bulk of the world's oil reserves are in the Middle East, and that the output from the major reserves of the West—the North Sea and Prudhoe Bay in Alaska—have reached their peak and will soon begin to decline. Citing the threat of renewed reliance on the Middle East, the oil industry has redoubled its efforts to open up part of the vast but ecologically delicate Arctic National Wildlife Refuge to exploration. But is the national security really at stake? In a world in which OPEC has become weaker and control over the commodity more diffuse, the demon has grown impotent. "OPEC is probably marginal now as to what it can do," analyst Maxwell says. "The path is being beaten by many forces; OPEC merely follows."

It makes little sense to abuse our natural resources rather than promote alternatives and improve energy efficiency. George Bush, the "environmental President," aside from an undramatic proposal of tax subsidies for oil exploration and support for Arctic drilling, has offered little during this period of easy oil. One ready solution would be to raise the gasoline tax closer to levels that prevail in Europe and Japan. The tax could help reduce the budget deficit, trim the nation's imports of crude oil and perhaps even clear a bit of the smog from Los Angeles. But a gas tax is only one small answer to a large problem. If the United States fails to act, oil imports will continue to rise, pressure will build to drill in its most delicate preserves and the threat of spills, smog and global warming will only intensify. Ideally, concern about the environment should play the same role in the 1990s that OPEC did twenty years earlier, reducing the world's growing dependence on black crude—but perhaps with less pain. □

LANDS, TREES AND JUSTICE

Defenders of The Amazon

SUSANNA HECHT AND ALEXANDER COCKBURN

"Chico Mendes is dead," Osmarino told the crowd in Rio Branco last Easter. "Things can't be as they were, and to dream that they could would be to drive us to ruin." Through Holy Week the little town of Rio Branco, capital of the western Brazilian state of Acre, saw a meeting, the first of its kind, between rubber tappers, Indian tribal groups and various forest dwellers. There were old hatreds still smoldering. Indians remembered relatives pushed from their land by agents of the rubber barons, with uncles killed and sisters raped. Rubber tappers remembered Indian raids. But today Indians and rubber tappers alike face the same threat, in the destruction of their forest and way of life in the Amazon. It seemed a narrow focus for a world's concern, but those being addressed in the public gymnasium by Osmarino Amancio Rodríguez and the other leaders of the Rubber Tappers' Union are the people on whom any tolerable future for the region will depend.

The rubber tappers had gathered from Acre, nestled beside the Andes; from Amapa, bordering the Atlantic Ocean 2,000 miles to the east. There were Indians from tribes as diverse as the rubber-tapping Campa and Kaxínua and the last remnant of the Krenak, exiled from their lands in the south by Brazil's largest state-owned corporation. From Tefé, two days upriver from the Amazon city of Manaus, came the

Susanna Hecht, an agronomist who teaches in the Graduate School of Planning at the University of California, Los Angeles, has worked in the Amazon for more than a decade. Later this year, Verso Books will publish Hecht and Alexander Cockburn's The Fate of the Forest: Developers, Destroyers and Defenders of the Amazon.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ribeirinhos—fisherfolk, harvesters of gums, latex and wild medicines. Flanking them were advisers ranging from an Irish Holy Ghost father to prominent Brazilian eco-activists and Indian activists to international environmental groups.

In the same week, the Inter-American Development Bank met in Amsterdam and listened to the Brazilian Minister of Finance plead for credit concessions as the bankers, themselves being lobbied by environmentalists from Western Europe and the United States, pressed him on his government's plans for the Amazon. Back in Brasilia, Rubem Bayma Denys, chief of the Military Cabinet and National Security Council, was putting the final touches to the official environmental policy document, Nossa Natureza, later promulgated by President José Sarney. And in the upper Acrean forests west of Rio Branco, ninety families were under threat of being driven from their land, with 3,500 acres of forest starting to fall to chainsaws even before the rainy season had come to an end.

There are moments in the always ambiguous dialectic between First World conscience and Third World conditions when the former's concerns reach critical mass. The murder of the rubber tappers' leader Chico Mendes at the end of last year, three days before Christmas, caught the attention of North America and Western Europe, and presented the plight of the forest like a Passion play. And indeed, the Good Friday crowds following the statue of the Virgin through the candle-lit streets of Rio Branco listened on their transistor radios as Moacir Grecchi, Archbishop of Acre and himself under threat of death, compared the fate of Chico Mendes to Christ's passion, and the persecution of forest workers to that of the early Christians.

In the wake of Mendes's assassination by gunmen of the União Democratica Rural (U.D.R.), essentially a vigilante association of ranchers and landowners, the Brazilian government and the murderers themselves were stunned by the international outcry over what they regarded as the very ordinary termination of an obscure labor leader. Members of the U.S. Congress, well aware of the interests of their own constituents, headed south. Down came Chafee, Bumpers, Symms, Heinz, Specter, Wirth, among others—eager to inspect the rate of deforestation, ponder the efficacy of debt-for-nature swaps, march up and down the BR 364 highway discussing its possible extension, mooted by Brazilians, from Acre over the Andes to Lima for the purpose of carrying products to Japan.

What has seized the attention of these politicians, along with millions of others in the First World, is possible global climate change and species extinction, both consequent upon deforestation. Less than 20 percent of current additions of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere can be attributed to the burning of vegetation in the Amazon, the major sources being automobile exhaust and emissions from power generators. Nonetheless, forest burnings do account for an expanding slice of overall carbon dioxide increases. These may—the evidence is not yet conclusive—contribute to climatic changes such as the "greenhouse effect." There is nothing speculative, though, about species extinction. The destruction of the Amazon forest is a biological disaster on the order of that which made dinosaurs raw material for petroleum and natural history museums. The forest is home to at least two-thirds of the world's organisms; it nourishes 3 million known species and probably ten times that number.

Still, one could hardly blame Brazilian politicians for chafing at the hectoring demands for the "internationalization" of the Amazon. What reception would they get if they headed for Ukiah to denounce the clear-cutting of the redwoods, calling them the common heritage of all mankind? Or mustered outside Sellafield, reviling Margaret Thatcher for making the Irish Sea into a nuclear waste dump?

The politicians, First World technocrats, representatives of private voluntary organizations, rock stars and filmmakers rush south to Brazil just as two years ago they rushed east to Ethiopia. Now there are concerts and fundraisers for the forest, as previously for the starving. The interest attains the thunder and velocity of an avalanche, but alas, an avalanche that mostly drops into the void between solicitude and political reality.

It was easy to see, even a few hours into the meeting in Rio Branco, that the assorted participants had very different views on an appropriate political strategy. The way the fate of the forest is perceived varies sharply depending upon the latitude in which the observer dwells. U.S. Congressmen see an Amazon trip as perhaps a low-risk way of demonstrating ecological sympathies: no messy battles with large corporations back home, with timber companies, utilities, construction firms and other powerful denizens of the fund-raiser's Rolodex. Their preferred strategy usually involves turning the Amazon into a national park, in which so-called primal forest is secluded by law, force and cash bribe (the debt-for-nature swap) from the predations of man.

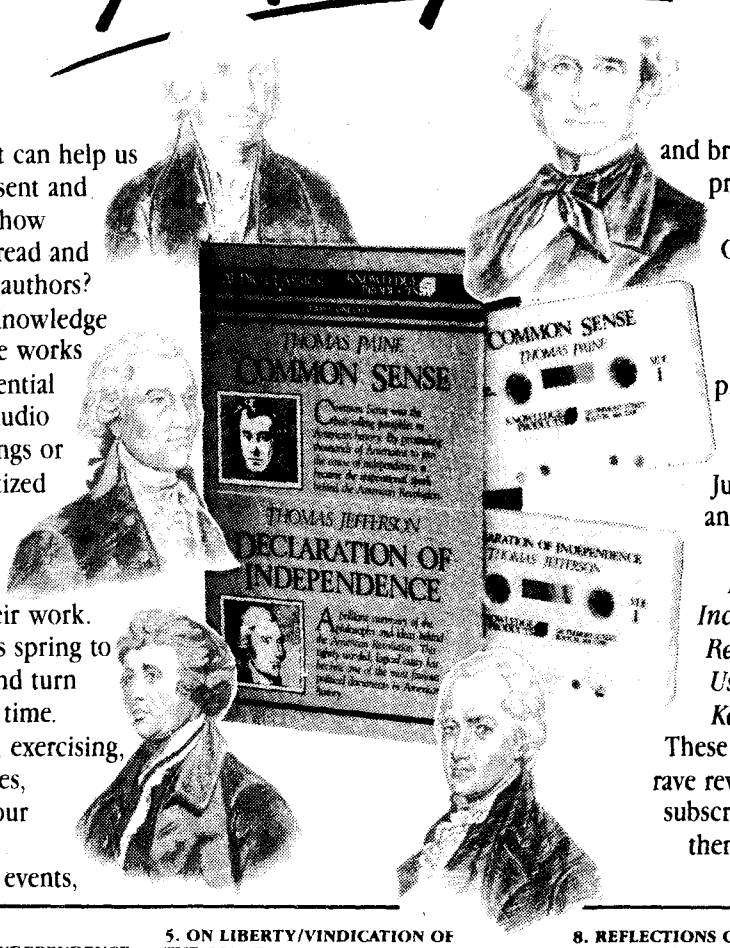
The rubber tappers, the Indians and the petty extractors who live in the forest see things less romantically—no doubt like the Miwok Indians driven out of Yosemite when it was made into a national park, or like the Ute and Navajo expelled from Bryce and Zion. Where the First World sees only nature under threat, they see the forest as the integument of their own elemental struggle to survive.

Nowhere are these concerns focused more sharply than in Acre, scene a hundred years ago of the most ecstatic surges of the rubber boom; of the war between Brazil and Bolivia; of the intrigues of the United States seeking "internationalization" in nineteenth-century terms, an opportunity for colonization. Today Acre is 5 percent deforested. To its east is the state of Rondonia, 17 percent deforested in less than a decade. To the northeast is the vast state of Amazonas, over which you may fly for an entire day and see nothing but trees stretching to each horizon. There is still a lot of forest left in Amazonia—85 percent of what was there a hundred years ago—yet the rate at which the trees are falling has become exponential.

There is no mystery as to why the trees are falling. Blame land speculators, failed colonization, attempts to secure subsurface mineral rights, timber exploitation, vast soybean farms in the south driving peasants north. There is no mystery, either, how the forest can be saved. We could see

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World's GREAT THINKERS *Talk To You*



The wisdom of the past can help us better understand the present and anticipate the future. But how many of us have time to read and study the ideas of classic authors?

For those who don't, Knowledge Products has gathered the works of the world's most influential thinkers into a series of audio tapes — not simply readings or abridgements, but dramatized presentations that discuss the authors, their ideas, and the historical conflicts that inspired their work. The world's greatest ideas spring to life in your tape player, and turn idle time into productive time. Whether you are driving, exercising, or doing household chores, you can now stimulate your thinking, gain a deeper understanding of current events, and broaden your personal and professional horizons.

You'll find our Audio Classics Listening Program to be an efficient, enjoyable way to acquire knowledge. And we provide a 15-day trial offer with each of our 12 monthly selections.

Just clip the coupon below and we'll send you our first two cassettes.

Bravo! . . . Invaluable! . . . Increased my knowledge . . . Reshaped my thinking . . . Use the ideas all the time Keeps me mentally fit! . . .

These are just a few samples of rave reviews from Audio Classics subscribers. Shouldn't you join them?

1. **COMMON SENSE/ THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE**
   Thomas Paine/Thomas Jefferson
2. **CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE/ THE LIBERATOR**
   Henry David Thoreau/ William Lloyd Garrison
3. **WEALTH OF NATIONS/PART 1**
   Adam Smith
4. **WEALTH OF NATIONS/PART 2**
   Adam Smith
5. **ON LIBERTY/VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN**
   John Stuart Mill/Mary Wollstonecraft
6. **THE PRINCE/DISCOURSE ON VOLUNTARY SERVITUDE**
   Niccolo Machiavelli/Etienne de la Boetie
7. **COMMUNIST MANIFESTO/ SOCIAL CONTRACT**
   Karl Marx, Frederick Engels/ Jean Jacques Rousseau
8. **REFLECTIONS ON THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE/RIGHTS OF MAN**
   Edmund Burke/Thomas Paine
9. **THE FEDERALIST PAPERS**
   Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, John Jay
10. **LEVIATHAN**
    Thomas Hobbes
11. **TWO TREATISES OF GOVERNMENT**
    John Locke
12. **DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA**
    Alexis de Tocqueville

☐ **YES send me**, on a 15-day approval basis, *The Declaration of Independence* and *Common Sense*, and begin my no-risk subscription to The *AUDIO CLASSICS* Listening Program. The remaining 22 tapes will arrive in albums of two every month. You'll charge my credit card $14.95 plus $2 shipping and handling for each album ($4 outside of the U.S.). **If I'm ever displeased,** I have the right to return the current album and owe nothing. I may drop out of the program at any time without penalty.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Daytime Phone (9 a.m. - 5 p.m.) (_____) _____

We will call only if there is a problem with your order!

☐ I'd like to save $24 by paying $179 in advance ($205 outside the U.S.). *All orders subject to approval.*

☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ American Express

ACCT. NO. _____

EXPIRATION DATE _____

SIGNATURE _____

☐ My check or money order for $179.00 is enclosed. (A savings of $24.00!)

KNOWLEDGE® PRODUCTS

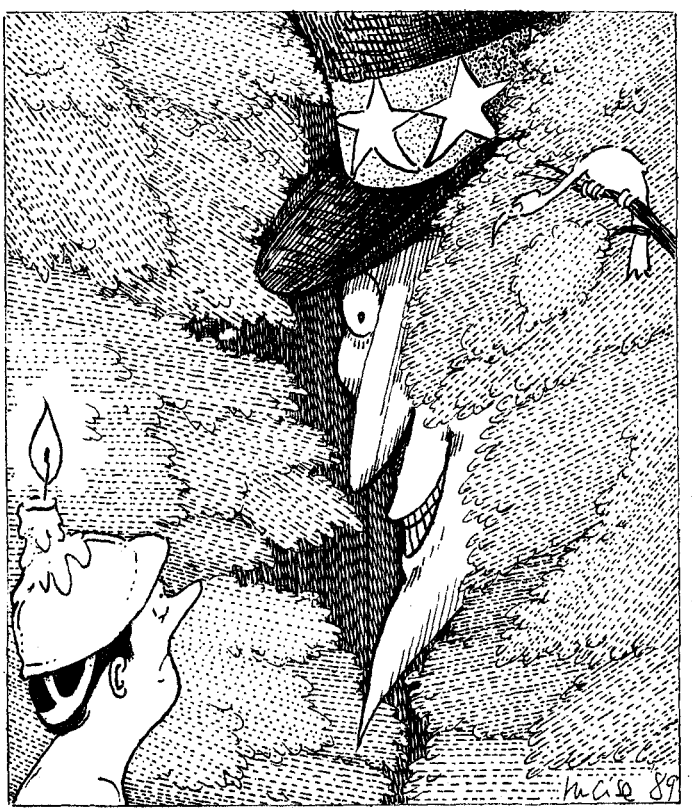
120 Tremont Street Boston, Massachusetts 02108

#641

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one answer clear enough in a day's drive down BR 364 in Rondonia, eastward from Pôrto Velho. Within thirty minutes of each other can be found the lineaments of disaster and success. Once-promising farms with fields of corn and manioc and rich orchards of citrus, mango, papaya and cashew lay swamped, the water table having been raised by the Samuel dam project, token of the political clout of domestic construction companies. On the other side of the road stretched a degraded pasture, with trees burned off, scrub pullulating, earth compacted; this scene decorated with a handful of cows enlisted for cheap credits; the whole sorry mess run by a failed settler who had come 2,000 miles from the state of Paraná to make his fortune, now working for a landlord, himself 1,000 miles away.

Fifteen miles down the road prosperous farmers on a swath of fertile *terra roxa* soil filled their trucks with tomatoes, lettuce, cilantro and fresh beans. The bounty came off the 10 percent of land that had been cleared from their 220-acre holdings (the average size of a settler's lot), while the other 90 percent remained in its original forest cover. More than 80 percent of settlers leave their land because of disease, crop failure, violence and the fact that rollovers give them a greater return than most would see in a decade of hard agricultural labor, so such simple success stories are rare. But there are many options in the Amazon. Three days later and 600 miles west along BR 364 we saw another answer to deforestation as we walked through São Luis de Remanso, an "extractive reserve." Such reserves, lands set aside by law for the sole use of forest dwellers, recognize the people's traditional usufruct rights and the economic vitality and ecological significance of a system based on prudent extraction of rubber, Brazil nuts, numerous forest fruits and medicines.



The term "rubber tapper" is almost a misnomer today. Many *seringueiros*—as they are called in Portuguese—earn more money from the harvest of Brazil nuts than from balls of latex. They raise food crops and livestock, including cows, these last being mostly for transport, for milk and for storage of savings. With inflation running at 1,000 percent it is folly to hold cash unconverted. One must shift money to something that keeps pace with the endless devaluation of the cruzado.

The rubber tappers began their history in this region as debt peons on estates that flourished in the great boom at the end of the nineteenth century. Osmarino's account of his life (see page 700) reflects the broad developments accurately. By 1970 the rubber barons were selling out to land speculators and ranchers from southern Brazil, and the rubber tappers were battling for their livelihoods. Soon the Catholic Church started organizing rural workers' unions, and by the mid-1970s rubber tappers and subsistence farmers engaged in the first *empates*—literally, standoffs—with the landowners' goon squads and cutting crews. The *empates* have continued every year, and indeed as the meeting in Rio Branco was winding down, the rubber tappers rushed for a confrontation at the Paloma ranch, eighty miles west of town.

The task of unionizing workers scattered hours apart along forest paths and rivers was immense, as were the risks. The remaining rubber barons and the new ranchers turned promptly to their *pistoleiros*, or paid gunmen, to deal with the threat. On the wall of the gymnasium in Rio Branco hung a banner listing just a few of the rubber tappers' leaders who have been assassinated: Wilson Pinheiro in 1980, Jesus Matias soon thereafter, and so on down the blood-soaked line to Chico Mendes.

Gradually in the 1970s rubber tappers throughout the Amazon began formulating regional development plans designed to meet the needs of the 2 million to 3 million forest workers. The notion of extractive reserves sprang from the first meeting of rubber tappers, in 1985, at which they asserted their right to a livelihood, pressing the government to recognize their traditional usufruct rights. Three years later the state of Acre established São Luis de Remanso, the first extractive reserve. It covers about 100,000 acres and provides a home for ninety rubber tappers and their families.

In late March, the rubber tappers slogged along the muddy paths through São Luis de Remanso, their oxen laden with Brazil nuts. Their shacks, modest in the extreme, provide the bare minimum for existence. But although they are impoverished, their use of the forest and their agriculture provide them with income and subsistence exceeding that of most settlers and the mass of urban dwellers in Rio Branco.

Five million acres' worth of extractive reserves have been declared throughout Amazonia, but only a few in Acre, such as Remanso and Cachoeira, have begun the process of developing a social and economic infrastructure, with schools, health posts and cooperatives to sell the rubber and other crops and buy supplies on favorable terms. (The struggle for Cachoeira, established the summer before his assassination, sealed Chico Mendes's death warrant.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Naturally enough, landowners regard the principle of extractive reserves, their recognition of usufruct rights and their implied collective organization, as a lance in the heart of private ownership. Their own claims to the land are based mostly on dubious titles and violence.

On the stage in the gym in Rio Branco a rubber tapper wearing the traditional *poronga*—a helmet fixed with a candle to guide him along forest paths in the predawn hours—embraced a Campa Indian amid the applause of the crowd at the symbolic expression of their new alliance. As Osmarino told the gathering, the situation has changed since Chico Mendes was killed. With Chico, the movement had its identity concentrated in a single charismatic figure and its political center in his home state, Acre. His death showed the need for strengthened leadership throughout Amazonia, a broader political perspective and a robust organizational network.

But the broader political perspective gestured at by Osmarino and by another *seringueiro* leader, Raimundo Barros (Chico's cousin), also represented a coming of age, one perhaps not entirely welcome to the First World emissaries in Rio Branco. A North American environmental leader voiced his dismay late one evening that not only had the rubber tappers and Indians decided to hold some sessions purely among themselves but they had also, as he forthrightly put it, developed perturbing political connections.

Some of the rubber tappers are members of the Partido dos Trabalhadores—the P.T., or Workers' Party—and the Rubber Tappers' Union is part of the emerging political movement of workers in Brazil. "For us, as a tax-exempt organization," the North American environmentalist said, "these political ties will make it far more difficult to raise money and political support for them."

His disquiet was peculiar. Why shouldn't rubber tappers be a force in the first contested elections in Brazil in twenty-eight years and, more specifically, members of the only party pressing for structural change? The less amusing side is that First Worlders involved in Third World issues tend to develop a Svengali complex as they take relatively unknown social movements and catapult them into the international glare, often sanitizing these movements politically and culturally to avoid offending the sensibilities of the bankers, politicians and even board members of their own organizations. One rubber tapper brought to Washington, vigorously telling an audience of persons from the above-mentioned categories about the need for union strength in the Amazon, did not know that in translation the word "union" was softened into the more tactful "association."

Such prudence leads to distortions that have serious consequences. Mendes himself, now cast as the Christ of Xapuri, was a founding member of the Workers' Party. To present the rubber tappers as folkloric primitives whose only interest is forest preservation—in effect the southernmost chapter of the Audubon Society—is to translate their struggle into the political syntax of First World environmentalists. "It's very nice," Osmarino said to us, "for the government to declare its concern about the ecology of this area, but they

SUBSCRIBING TO OUR PRINCIPLES ISN'T ENOUGH.

You should be subscribing to our magazine, too.

Because week in and week out *The Nation* brings you the likes of Katha Pollitt, Edward Sorel and Christopher Hitchens in every issue.

They're not only some of the best writers and illustrators around—they do their best work for us.

The Nation.

YES! I WANT TO SUBSCRIBE TO YOUR MAGAZINE, TOO. Send me 24 issues of *The Nation* for $15, a saving of 64% off the newsstand price and 18% off the regular price. I understand that I may cancel at any time and receive a full refund for all unmailed copies.

NAME (Please print)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

☐ Double my saving. Send me a full year (47 issues) for $28.
☐ My payment is enclosed—reward me with FOUR FREE ADDITIONAL ISSUES!
☐ Please bill me later.

For new subscribers only.

Foreign surface postage: add $7/24 issues, $14/one year. Air Mail rates available upon request. Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

THE NATION, BOX 1953, MARION, OH 43305 D9E4S-5

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never provide justice for those who in fact defend the environment." What he said about the politicians in Brasilia applies to others in Washington.

At the meeting some in the First World contingent were annoyed as the rubber tappers developed their own agenda and political language. Over that week in Rio Branco social justice took precedence over "pure ecology." At the end came the P.T. leader and presidential candidate Luiz Inacio da Silva, known to all as Lula, who flew from São Paulo to tell the crowd, "If the Amazon is the lungs of the world, then debt is its pneumonia." By this he meant that what happens in the Amazon—land hunger, speculative destruction—stems in part from the crises of the overall Brazilian economy: $115 billion in external debt to First World banks,

A 2 Percent Chance to Live

All through the Easter Week meeting in Rio Branco, one of the most visible rubber tappers was an energetic and humorous young man called Osmarino Amancio Rodríguez. He hails from Brasileia, a small town southwest from Rio Branco, almost on the Bolivian border. Osmarino is the secretary of the Rubber Tappers' Union. Schooled in organizing by the Catholic Church and a longtime associate of the late Chico Mendes, he is one of the most dynamic of the forest's activists. He talked to us the evening of Easter Saturday, as his bodyguards paced about somewhat unconvincingly in the shadows.

—S.H./A.C.

I was born in 1957 on a rubber estate called Hummingbird. At the time it was really a traditional *seringal*, where the rubber baron forced everyone to sell at a lousy price only to his middlemen, and to buy supplies from his agents. It's far back in the forest, and the guy would only send his middleman out once a year with merchandise, and rubber tappers would be out there starving, waiting for supplies and unable to sell or buy from anybody else. And we still had to pay rent on our holding! We were in debt slavery because no matter how much rubber you got, the supplies always cost more. So, when I was a teen-ager, the struggle began out there simply because it was impossible to live in such conditions.

In 1970, when Wanderley Dantas was Governor of Acre, he began a big propaganda campaign about how Acre should advance and have progress, and the only thing that would do that would be ranching. He arranged land concessions, bank financing and fiscal incentives for people from the south, all the things he never gave to the actual workers of his state. Ranchers began to come here, and after telling the poor guys out in the *seringal* that the Governor had sold them the land, they'd threaten rubber tappers or burn their houses and buildings. And then began the expulsions and the killings, as ranchers' gunmen—*jaguncos*—came into the rubber plantations and forced people to leave. They did this with thousands of people. Right now there are 10,000 *brasilenos* living in Bolivia because they were forced out of Acre.

Well, this strategy of expulsion and killing worked up to a certain point, but only as long as people didn't realize that it was going on all over. They didn't yet know about the deaths in other places. We were all very isolated. In 1973 there began the organization of base communities by the Catholic Church, and this is where I really got going. I started to go to these church meetings. And there they talked of human liberation, of freeing oneself from slavery. Lots of people were interested in this, because the conditions were really awful and we had to do something.

In 1975 we began to work on union development. When I started to get involved, I went because I wanted to learn. I didn't realize then that I would be in this till the end. Anyway, in 1976 we started the first *empates*, the standoffs to the ranchers. These *empates* really gave us hope. Here's how it was done. The leader of the union in a place like Boca de Acre or Xapuri, Brasileia or Assis Brasil, would learn that tappers were being thrown off their land. A leader in, let's say, Boca de Acre would then get on the phone or radio to Xapuri or Brasileia and ask people there to travel so that these guys in Boca de Acre wouldn't be kicked off their lands. Truckloads of people would show up. It was really great.

The first *empate* occurred in Brasileia, where I'm from, on a *seringal* called Carme, which still is a standing rubber forest. The ranchers kicked everybody off, but we really battled it out. We had to face down the army, the police, but we had right on our side. After all, we were struggling for the land we had lived and worked on all our lives. State officials worked out a deal where they gave each tapper from 25 to 125 acres so that they wouldn't have to migrate to the city. This system didn't work out all that well, which was why we want to go with reserves.

Well, *empates* became a regular thing, and each year there were more, so rubber barons and ranchers began to go after the union leadership. I was getting involved more, especially after 1980, when they killed Wilson Pinheiro, then the Rubber Tappers' Union leader. The secretary of my union, who was Chico Mendes, had to go to Xapuri to organize the union there, and the few people who could work away from the *seringal* went from municipality to municipality trying to make sure that unions were in touch with each other. I didn't know how to read then, but I had to learn because I'd go to meetings and I'd come back and have to read things to people in my union. There I was, a director of a base community and a union leader, and I didn't know how to read. It was awful.

In 1985 we set up the first Rubber Tappers' Council meeting to get people organized on a national level, to get

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

run up by a profligate military and an insatiable elite, who last year exported north from Brazil no less than $12 billion, a capital flight that has swollen sixfold in the past decade. Are the Environmental Defense Fund, World Wildlife Fund, Conservation Foundation, Sierra Club, Friends of the Earth and Greenpeace willing to risk charges that they are accomplices of the radical agenda of the P.T.?

Despite such shifts in the rubber tappers' perspectives, one form of First World capital was powerfully present, at least at the end of the telephone, as Hollywood producers, directors, agents, lawyers, minions and outriders all jostled to get the imprimatur of the rubber tappers and of the widow of Chico Mendes for a movie about him.

Suitors for favor included Warner Brothers (David Put-

extractive reserves going and also to talk about the systematic murder of the union members and leaders. From then until now it's only been this work. I don't even have time to play soccer. I used to like to go to parties, to dance, to bum around a bit. But all my time was taken. There were killings and killings and killings. They were murdering the lower leadership, but I told Chico at that time that they are going to keep killing until they get to us. They're breaking the legs of the union now, but they won't stop until they get to the heart. We have to prepare people so that when we're shot there will always be others to take our places.

Nobody believed that people lived in the forest. Even as recently as 1985 the Census Bureau said there were no people out here in spite of the fact that these forests are full of tappers, Indians and *ribeirinhos*. We may be illiterates isolated in the middle of the forest, but we do know what's going on. We know that livestock doesn't work here, and we know what other things will, but we don't have the technical ways of explaining it. So the authorities never give much importance to what we have to say. The only time they give us any credit is when they're crying crocodile tears after one of us has been shot.

In a seminar on the environment and development in 1988, things took on a different rhythm because we finally had some technical information that we could use to wrangle with the government officials. The government was more concerned, and began to have meetings with us. That was also when they declared the first extractive reserve at São Luis de Remanso.

Today we see that a lot of people are concerned with our struggle, but basically Brazilian justice doesn't give a shit about us. And we're worried; all this international attention doesn't make the Brazilian nation do anything about the systematic murders. Brazilian authorities have done nothing to calm this violence. I, for example, have about a 2 percent chance to get through this year. The same night they went to get Chico they also passed by my house in Brasileia. There's just no way I'm going to get through this alive. There are organized death plans, and everybody knows it. Out in the Jurua a rubber baron, Camili, says that there is no doubt that Macedo—who organized people not to pay rent—is going to die. He says, "I'm going to order it; I'm going to kill him." Meanwhile, in the judicial district of Brasileia there are more than 200 cases that haven't got a public prosecutor or even a police detective on them. The Governor doesn't appoint prosecutors, or people simply won't take these jobs on. Each year the University of Acre coughs out forty new lawyers, but you can't get a lawyer out here for public service or for rural workers' rights. If people kill and are never punished, they just keep on murdering.

Today, for example, I'm not permitted to carry a firearm, but every goddamn rancher out here is armed to the teeth, as are all their minions. They've circled my house various times, wrecked my house on some occasions. One time it was just luck that a car came by and they fled. We sent letters to the Governor, to the head of the federal police, Romeo Tuma. We've sent letters and telegrams about the nature of the organized violence, and the only thing that happens is yet another one of us gets blown away. We don't really have immense options. We have to think of ways to live a bit longer. I have those bodyguards over there from the government. The guns that they have mostly don't work.

I have to pay for those guards—travel, meals, lodgings, even their bullets. Look, I don't have any money. I sent a letter to the Justice Department explaining that I understood the importance of security, but I don't have any way to support four men. I live with my parents, I don't have the wherewithal to set up my own housekeeping. The government isn't interested in my safety. They want me to sign a document saying that I dismissed these guys. The thing is I simply can't pay for them. What will happen is that once the document is signed, the government will say, Look, we assigned guards to him, and he dismissed them; it's not our fault if he gets killed.

What are the things foreigners can do? They can do a lot. We need people who can help us evaluate natural resources, marketing the products, and how we can get a better price, ways to get better cooperatives going. We know that rubber and other extractive products can sustain a community without destroying the forest. We need market development and basic economic infrastructure. We're not antidevelopment, you only need to see how poor we are to know that. What we need is to develop the organizational techniques so that these things can move into the market in some kind of serious way, so that we can keep some of the value of the products we produce. We also need things like good historians, who will tell history the way it happened, and not develop a history from some fantasy. We need serious and honest scientists. We want this alliance with other forest dwellers to go forward, and to develop ways of doing this kind of work. We want you to do what you do best, and use this knowledge in solidarity with us.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nam, Chris Menges, Adrian Cowell), 20th Century-Fox (Robert Redford, Sonia Braga), Peter Guber (of *Rain Man* fame) and Ted Turner's Better World Society. In the evenings, in the bars and restaurants around central Rio Branco, one could be treated to the spectacle of some of the rubber tappers' national and international advisers brokering the merits of whichever Hollywood project they happened to be in alliance with. These negotiations will have a potent effect on the Rubber Tappers' Union in that the foundation being set up to handle the Hollywood money will be dealing with sums that vastly eclipse the budgets of any rural union and magnify accordingly the power of the foundation's board of directors, which includes rubber tappers but also First Worlders. On this matter of First World money, it should be said that in Acre and Rondonia—the focus of present First World attention—it is hard to find much concrete manifestation of the cash being raised in North America and Western Europe to "save the forest." If the past serves as precedent, most of the cash is going to pay the overhead of the organizations doing the fund-raising. The rubber tappers themselves have almost no money to pay for security for their leaders, even to hire full-time lawyers and investigators to pursue the murderers of their comrades.*

Indeed, one can easily see the very mixed blessings of the First World culture industry seeking to cash in—no doubt often for the most laudable of motives—on a moral commodity, the martyr Mendes. It is dubious whether the rubber tappers' political agenda will long survive the script conferences and photogenic elegies to a green world on the wane. But what will be the effects of a movie production descending on, say, Mendes's village of Xapuri, or even on Rio Branco, for six to eight months? Up to $1 million a month could be injected into the local economy, producing effects similar to the eruption of a coca economy, although far briefer in duration: huge inflation; flocking of jobseekers and lowlifes of all kinds; increases in cattle purchases and pastures even within the extractive reserves, as rubber tappers hired as extras store their cash windfalls in the securest investment they know.

And as the movie comes to First World theaters, no doubt launched with lavish benefits to "save the forest," the net effect back in Acre will likely be deforestation, as not only rubber tappers but restaurateurs, attorneys, air taxi pilots, gofers, all deploy their earnings in land and livestock. If ever there was a case for a movie project to be forced to file an environmental impact statement, this is it.

The meeting wound up against a backdrop of salvos in the newspaper from members of the landowners' vigilante organization, the U.D.R. João Branco, the former local U.D.R. president and a man regarded as having instigated the assassinations of rubber tappers, returned in time to scream abuse in the Rio Branco airport at Fernando Gabeira, head of Brazil's Green Party. Equally vitriolic was an Acre state assemblyman, João Batista Tezza, who compared extractive reserves to concentration camps and called participants in the Easter meeting "theoretical Nazis." The national head of the U.D.R., Ronaldo Caiado, is running for the Brazilian presidency. João Branco, well representative of U.D.R. opinion, announced that week in his newspaper that if he had his way, 95 percent of the Amazon's forest would be cleared and nuclear reactors implanted.

Amid these provocations the rubber tappers and Indians worked out a program that gives forest peoples the prime role in formulating their regional development. In agrarian reform they see the vital principles as recognition of rubber tapper and Indian land rights, establishment of extractive reserves and an end to debt peonage on the traditional rubber estates. They demand local authority in the reserves over health and education, now the province of the state, and urge cooperatives and public investment in the processing of forest products. In other words, they call for popular control over the means of production and distribution of forest commodities, along with the provision of financial credits to producers rather than middlemen. These are the concrete elements of a socialist ecology—the only strategy that can save the Amazon and its inhabitants.

What are the alternatives? On April 6 President Sarney and his military advisers issued their Nossa Natureza. Its primary pronouncements for Amazonia include the establishment of a national park between Brazil and Peru, an end to fiscal incentives for forest clearing (virtually cut off already) and a prohibition on export of unsawn logs, already banned by Brazilian law. Under a council controlled by the military, a $179 million budget would be administered through the usual ineffective or corrupt federal and state bureaucracies. Brazilian capital has only a nonchalant regard for Nossa Natureza, its budget tiny in comparison with the investment in dams, railroads and roads, which will insure the ongoing dynamic of accumulation and devastation.

From North America has come the idea of debt-for-nature swaps, whereby some of Brazil's external debt would be forgiven in return for a percentage of this obligation being invested in environmental projects. But such funds would be managed by the same agencies that have presided over the forest's destruction. Moreover, the idea of these swaps has fueled a rancorous debate inside Brazil over national sovereignty, and has shored up the right wing's analysis of international ecological concern as a cover for imperialist meddling, a position subscribed to by many Brazilians with no love for Sarney or the military.

The final section of the program set forth by the rubber tappers and the Indians addresses the issues of human rights: punishment for the murderers of Indians, rubber tappers and rural union leaders; security from land grabbers in Indian and rubber tapper areas; judicial inquiry into the formation of private landowner armies. This last set of demands is as crucial to the movement as land.

While Sarney's plan was in the headlines, U.D.R. gunmen fired once more upon Osmarino's home, and once again he escaped with his life. □

* Those wishing to put money to good use should send it to the Comissão Brasileira Justiça e Paz, c/o Dr. Candido Mendes, Secretaria Geral, Praça 15 Novembro 101, 2000 Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. This is a human rights organization that has been solicited by the Rubber Tappers' Council to investigate the murders of its members and to provide general legal services.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

History and the Holocaust–I

NORMAN BIRNBAUM

THE UNMASTERABLE PAST: History, Holocaust and German National Identity. *By Charles Maier. Harvard University Press. 227 pp. $22.50.*

Charles Maier's *The Unmasterable Past: History, Holocaust and German National Identity* is a full depiction of the continuing controversy within the Federal German Republic about the nation's murderous past and haunted present. Maier connects the controversy to the problem of interpreting German and modern Western history as a whole. He also raises those hard questions about historical knowledge that join epistemology and ethics, sociology and philosophy.

Maier cites members of his own family extirpated in the Holocaust, and yet his spiritual temper is disciplined, even detached. Indeed, at times he is too detached—or too generous—to German historians who protest their objectivity too much. One can see why: The matter is so burdensome, the emotions it mobilizes so charged, that it is a struggle not to be overwhelmed. The ritualized instrumentalization of the Holocaust by more than a few of our Jewish contemporaries (in the service of moral and political ends which are far from sublime) reminds us that unmastered, or falsely mastered, memory can make any of us moral dwarfs.

The controversy began in 1986 when historian Ernst Nolte published the essay "The Past That Will Not Pass Away." It appeared in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, whose pages customarily echo the singularly narrow ideas of large numbers of German bureaucrats, businessmen, professionals and politicians. Nothing characterizes their attitude toward their own country's past better than this declaration by the chair of the Adenaur Foundation, which is sponsored by the Christian Democratic Union, the party of Chancellor Helmut Kohl: "The revolt of 1968 destroyed more values than did the Third Reich. To overcome it is therefore more important than trying to overcome Hitler once again." In short, the argument among the historians is an argument about the democratization of German society, about whether one or another form of authoritarian tribalism will prevail over humanistic and universal values which do not invariably bear the trademark "Made in Germany." Nolte himself was a loud antagonist of the protest movement of the 1960s, a movement correctly described by the philosopher Jürgen Habermas as an expression of the first democratic German student generation since 1848.

Nolte's thoughts are both shameful and shameless: Nazism, he argues, was so far from being unique that it was merely a German imitation of Stalin's "Asiatic" politics. And indeed, the effort to depict it as unique serves the political ends of the Soviet Union and so makes it impossible to enlist Germany fully in the military-political defense of Western civilization. As for the Jews, did they not ask for German enmity when in 1939 Chaim Weizmann declared that Jewry stood with England against Germany? In any case, Hitler's wars were really pre-emptive and therefore defensive. It was time for the Germans to stop pretending to feel a guilt they never should have tried to assume. Those who expressed indignation at his views were, finally, enemies of academic freedom and of freedom of speech and thought in general—in effect, spiritual terrorists. (I here condense from a number of his writings.)

Nolte's call for liberating the nation from the burden of Nazi crimes was and is hardly novel. Many members of Germany's elite have uttered the same for decades. They have usually, however, respected appearances, and argued that the nation had earned a new place in the human community by repentance, reparations and good behavior in general (including, of course, supplying nearly half-a-million soldiers annually to NATO). But Nolte's position also included some outright anti-Semitism.

Nolte was joined by diplomatic historian Andreas Hillgruber. In a book whose title speaks volumes, *Two Sorts of Demise: The Shattering of the German Reich and the End of European Jewry*, he provided a posthumous justification for the Nazi courts that sentenced the anti-Hitler plotters of 1944 to death for treason. Hillgruber explained that the historian "must identify himself with the . . . desperate and sacrificial exertions of the German Army of the East and the German Baltic Navy, which sought to defend the population from the orgy of revenge of the Red Army, the mass rapine, the arbitrary killing and the compulsory deportations." Hillgruber added that well before the Holocaust the allies were planning the dismemberment of Germany.

Hillgruber did more than repeat the arguments handed down by the courts in 1944 and 1945. He gave expression to what those who visited Germany right after the war heard ad nauseam: The crimes against Germany were at least as great as those it committed, and in any case, war is war. As for the much briefer essay on the Holocaust that Hillgruber appended to his apologia, the historian most definitely did not identify with the Jews.

Hillgruber and Nolte gave academic legitimation to the lies, prejudices, rage and imperial stupidity of those Germans who were and are unable to accept any moral responsibility for their own history. Maier is, quite rightly, at pains to point out that these beer-hall historians are not dominant influences in German historiography. There are a considerable number of scholars capable of assuming a critical distance from their nation's past—servants of just that tradition of public enlightenment that Nolte so despises. Maier's book is especially instructive to readers seeking a general introduction to the arguments about the German past among historians who are serious cosmopolitans rather than angry provincials—and who, not least, have overcome the anti-Semitism once so endemic to the educated in Germany.

Their debates raise interesting questions. Is modern German imperialism, and Nazism as its lineal descendant, to be explained by the cultural and social peculiarity of the entire course of German history? The nation, for a very long while, was full of subjects while its West European neighbors were already cultivating citizenship. Does Germany's geopolitical position in the middle of Europe explain the fatal aspects of its history—from its early-modern fragmentation to the postwar incorporation of two German states into separate world power blocs? The debates are quite complex, the opposing positions entail much nuance, and the ensuing empirical and theoretical combats move over many battlefields. Generational experience and political beliefs account for some align-

Norman Birnbaum, a professor at Georgetown University Law Center, is a member of The Nation*'s editorial board.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ments, of course, but these are not unchanging. Some scholars have been rendered uncomfortable by the ascent of a social history clearly connected to the academicized Marxism so influential in German universities since the 1960s. It is a tribute to the human capacity for self-deception that they think their colleagues show ideological bias whereas *they* are motivated only by the disinterested search for truth.

Maier gives special attention to the recent study of everyday life in the Third Reich. He reminds us that the immensely popular television miniseries *Heimat* ("Hometown") showed a German village enduring a Nazism that came almost entirely from without. He might have mentioned the continuous turbulence caused in German towns in recent decades by schoolteachers and classes conducting their own original researches on local history, 1933-45. Debate about the nation's history, briefly, could hardly remain the exclusive prerogative of the professors, and even those who have recently deplored its supposed politicization have done so in polemical articles in daily and weekly newspapers.

It was not another historian but the philosopher and social thinker Habermas who entered the public arena to challenge Nazism's new apologists. His article "One Sort of Compensation" in the weekly *Die Zeit* stimulated a debate in the news media, including radio and television (at an appreciably higher level than occurs in our country), in the cultural and general journals, and among politicians and the public. The debate had two aspects. The first, of course, dealt with German imperialism, Nazism, anti-Semitism and the Holocaust. While claiming allegiance to the West, Habermas insisted, figures like Nolte were actually seeking to withdraw the Federal Republic from its newfound integration into a community based on ideas of citizenship, parliamentary democracy and rational public discourse. They were preparing a regression to primitive nationalism, rationalized by crude notions of Darwinism and an even cruder view of the Enlightenment as a huge mistake.

Maier accepts Habermas's essential point: the coincidence of a historical apologetics for Nazism and the demand for an authoritative single version of national history are facets of an ideological counteroffensive by the German right, in both its barbarian and civilized personae.

What is most instructive about Maier's analysis is the way he relates public debate to the specialized, and sometimes arcane, argument among the historians. For the very large segment of the American public that does not read German, the book is a discreet Baedeker to very unfamiliar—and often ugly—territory. It also is, in one respect, reassuring. In the culture industry the party of 1789, the radical democrats and convinced liberals, the civilized Christians, are a substantial majority. They are also (in the form of the Social Democrats, Greens, Free Democrats and many in the Christian Democratic parties) a political majority. □

History and the Holocaust—II

IAN KERSHAW

WHY DID THE HEAVENS NOT DARKEN?: The "Final Solution" in History. *By Arno J. Mayer. Pantheon. 492 pp. $27.95.*

The striking title of Arno Mayer's *Why Did the Heavens Not Darken?* is not simply for stylistic effect. The words "Why did the heavens not darken and the stars not withhold their radiance, why did not the sun and moon turn dark?" were the lament of the chronicler Solomon bar Simson, who witnessed the massacre of the Jews in Mainz in May 1096, following Pope Urban II's call to the Crusade, and who asked why "no one was found to stand in the breach." The reference has a twofold significance for Mayer's approach to the "Judeocide," as he calls the Nazi genocide against the Jews. In terms of method, it relates to Mayer's concern to "historicize" the Judeocide; in terms of interpretation, to his understanding of it as a part of a latter-day crusade, a new religious war against Bolshevism.

Historicization has recently become a buzzword among German historians. The *Historikerstreit* that has raged since 1986 revolves around the problem of how to relate the German present to a past dominated by the murder of the Jews, and the need, expressed by some historians, to treat the Nazi past like any other period of history. This has led to positions—notably that of Ernst Nolte—that have come close to outright apologetics. These historians see the Nazi racial genocide as the logical successor to the class genocide of the Bolsheviks, and the Germans as perpetrating a genocide whose singularity, among an array of genocides in the twentieth century, resides only in the specific methods of modern technology. Mayer will have no truck with the "retrovisionist historians in Germany who today seek to rationalize the Nazi regime by characterizing it as intrinsically designed and essential for the struggle against the 'greater evil' of Soviet communism." But he accepts that, fifty years later, a historicization of the Judeocide is inescapable. The only question is how responsible this reappraisal will be.

Mayer's own approach has three premises. The first essential step turns German revisionism on its head by rejecting what he calls the "residual Cold War blinders" that obstruct an accurate assessment of the interaction of anticommunism and anti-Semitism in Nazi ideological dynamics. He argues that precisely this interconnection not only lay at the root of Nazi ideology but also predisposed Germany's old elites to condone the savagery toward the Jews. The violent anticommunism endemic to frightened and vengeful European (not just German) ruling elites provided the framework for their conniving at the anti-Jewish hatred of the Fascist right.

The second step is to set the Judeocide squarely in its historical context. This means to widen the context beyond Germany to the European upheaval spanning the two world wars and the clash of revolution and counterrevolution, and to locate the mass killing of the Jews in the Nazi crusade against the Soviet Union. Mayer rejects the reification of the Judeocide that has come to be built into the term Holocaust and the presumption that it was absolutely unprecedented, utterly *sui generis* and beyond historical reimagining. Hence, he aims to revise the interpretation of the Judeocide by revising an understanding of the international conflict in which it took place. Countering the notion that the brutality and violence that pervaded the era of the two world wars was uniquely modern and unprecedented, he sees the Jewish catastrophe arising from a peculiarly intense (though not unique) fusion of ideology and politics in a time of general crisis.

The third step in Mayer's approach, therefore, is to link the Nazi regime, the eastern campaign and the Judeocide by conceptualizing them as integral and in-

Ian Kershaw is professor of modern history at the University of Nottingham.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

separable components of a twentieth-century general crisis and a second Thirty Years' War. Mayer resorts here to flashbacks to the first Thirty Years' War of the seventeenth century and to the period of the First Crusade. Though initially this appears to be a sort of antihistoricizing gimmick, it does serve two purposes. Through vivid descriptive passages on the rape of Magdeburg in 1631 and the slaughter of Rhineland Jews in 1096, Mayer is suggesting that the intensity of barbarism derives from the sacralization of purpose for warriors serving a "holy" cause, and not from sophisticated instruments and techniques of violence. In addition, in his anxiety not to overemphasize the functional rationality, the modernity and the banality of the killing process, he is reverting to the centrality of ideological zeal as the taproot of genocidal politics.

Mayer's thesis is that in Europe's general crisis of the twentieth century and second Thirty Years' War the all-pervading holy cause linking the conservative and the Fascist right was first and foremost the need to destroy Bolshevism. The German invasion of the Soviet Union in 1941, Operation Barbarossa, has to be conceived, then, not just as a war but as a *Glaubenskrieg*, a crusade. The fate of the Jews was contingent upon the progress of this crusade. As long as the Nazis were successful, as they seemed to be in the summer of 1941, the Jews were persecuted primarily as part of the common enemy of "Judeobolshevism." But—and this is a key point of the argument—"Nazi Germany did not cross the threshold to the willful and systematic mass murder of Jews until the war-cum-crusade ran aground."

This line of argument has two major implications. First, in the fusion of anti-Semitism and anti-Bolshevism the latter was the dominant strain. Second, had the Nazis defeated the Soviet Union, a systematic genocide against the Jews would not have occurred. Mayer makes this latter point in the following way:

> As long as the Wehrmacht and its allied armies were triumphant, the suffering of the Jews was limited to . . . victimization by German security forces and local collaborationist vigilantes. . . . Indeed, had the blitzkrieg succeeded in the east as it had in the west the year before, Europe might ironically have been spared the worst horrors of the twentieth century. . . . The Jews, instead of being massacred, probably would have been deported to the far interior of Russia or, should England have been forced to strike a bargain, to an overseas colony.

The key exposition of Mayer's thesis, to which we will return, takes place in the central chapters, which deal with the conception and miscarriage of Operation Barbarossa and with the Wannsee Conference. Before this, Mayer graphically describes the turmoil in Europe after World War I and its impact on the growth of anti-Semitism, especially in the disturbed "rimland" of eastern Europe. He also examines the radicalization of Nazi anti-Jewish policy in Germany and then in Poland, demonstrating—in accordance with the now generally accepted view—that there was no preconceived plan or program for the "Final Solution." In the last harrowing chapters Mayer brilliantly analyzes the consummation of the Judeocide in the deportations, death camps and forced marches. He maintains in these sections his broad perspective, which incorporates in the "Jewish Question" military developments on the eastern front, the economics of "hyperexploitation" in an increasingly desperate regime and the spiraling killing process. The immanent contradiction between the "productivists" and the "exterminationists" within the SS is plainly depicted. While he does not wish to "minimize the fact that the Jews were despoiled and massacred with total disregard for their economic usefulness," Mayer insists that "until late 1944 the Judeocide was closely tied to a desperate economic and political effort in support of a war to the death. This dual but internally incompatible drive against the Jews and for war production acquired its own momentum and relative autonomy."

Seeing the Judeocide emerging gradually and piecemeal, contingent upon developments that were neither coherently planned nor accurately foreseen, is an interpretation that represents a prevailing scholarly consensus. Seeing it as an integral component of an anticommunist crusade that embraced both the Fascist right and the non-Fascist conservative elites makes sense of the murderous ideological frenzy, extending way beyond fanatical Nazi anti-Semites, in the eastern theater of the war. But there are problems with the assumption that systematic extermination emerged only in the course of the failure of this crusade, when Barbarossa was running aground. Similar interpretations have been put forward by a number of German historians, including Martin Broszat, Uwe Dietrich Adam and Christian Streit. But recent meticulous reassessments of the (admittedly fragmentary and unsatisfactory) evidence, notably by the American historian Christopher Browning, have suggested that the vital decision(s) to implement the Final Solution took place during the summer or, at latest, early autumn of 1941; that is, in the triumphant phase of Barbarossa. If this was so, then it would mean that the fate of the European (not just Russian) Jews had been determined before the eastern campaign ran into trouble, and that therefore the Final Solution cannot be seen primarily as contingent upon the outcome of the anti-Bolshevik crusade. This would not affect Mayer's concept of the Judeocide as a product of the climacteric phase of Europe's second Thirty Years' War. But it would amount to an important qualification of his thesis that only Nazi failure provoked systematic genocide and therefore of his view that "the decision to exterminate the Jews marked the incipient debacle of the Nazi Behemoth, not its imminent triumph."

Most historians have regarded the Wannsee Conference of January 20, 1942, as the forum in which logistical and organizational matters arising from a prior decision to exterminate the Jews of Europe were discussed. The title of Mayer's pivotal ninth chapter, "Wannsee: Toward the 'Final Solution,'" points to his rejection of this interpretation. Even at this late stage, in his view, the Nazis were still only feeling their way toward the systematization of the killing process, and the crucial decisions had not yet been made. This dating is later than that of any other historian who has examined the evidence for the timing of the Final Solution. It stands most plainly in contradiction to Browning's conclusion that "the euphoria of victory in the summer of 1941 and the intoxicating vision of all Europe at their feet, not the dashed expectations and frustrations of the last months of the year, induced the Nazis to set the fateful process in motion."

Among the important strands of evidence assembled by Browning, militating against Mayer's argument that deportation to the east of Russia, not murder, would have been the fate of the Jews but for the failure of Barbarossa, are the following:

§ Even allowing for a gradual buildup of killing, the mass shootings of Russian Jews had become comprehensively genocidal by late summer 1941.

§ By mid-September 1941, Eichmann

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was ruling out deportation of Serbian Jews to Poland and Russia because not even German Jews could be accommodated there, and recommended shooting.

§ In the Warthegau (the German-annexed part of Poland), where there was talk even in July 1941 of "finishing off all the Jews" during the coming winter, the search for a satisfactory extermination site was already under way by fall 1941, and mass gassings began at Chelmo by early December.

§ Most crucially, the planning of the extermination camp at Belzec, part of what came to be dubbed Operation Reinhard—the systematic gassing of Polish Jews in Belzec, Sobibor and Treblinka—began around October 1941.

Much of this evidence is cited by Mayer, who also accepts that Globocnik's commission to liquidate the Jews of the General Government dated back to six months before the gassings at Belzec began, in March 1942. He does not, however, draw the seemingly compelling conclusion: that although the systematization of the Final Solution was far from complete in autumn 1941, the quantum leap into full-scale genocide had already been taken at a time when Operation Barbarossa—though unquestionably encountering obstacles to its rapid advance—was still far from running aground. By October 1941, it seems, the fate of the Jews in German-occupied Europe was sealed.

If I find unconvincing the central strand of Arno Mayer's reinterpretation of the Judeocide—that it was dependent upon the failure of the crusade against Bolshevism—this does not diminish my admiration for his achievement. He has produced a book that is as fresh, challenging and thought-provoking in its conceptualization as it is thoroughly researched and brilliantly, stylishly and above all sensitively written. It will need to be widely read, studied and argued about by students and their teachers—its one drawback from this point of view being the total absence of any source references, a strange omission by an author who emphasizes the centrality to the task of historians of inviting critics to verify their evidence. Despite this limitation, Mayer has written a masterly study of probably the most difficult and painful topic a historian can tackle. He claims that after five years of study the Judeocide remains as incomprehensible to him as it did at the outset of his work. It is a tribute to his book that this darkest chapter in modern history will now seem less incomprehensible to his readers. □

Prizewinning Poets–1989

The winners of Discovery—The Nation *'89 are Debra Allbery, Wayne Koestenbaum, Rick Lyon and Gardner McFall. They will read their poems on Monday, May 8, at 8 P.M., at The Poetry Center, 92nd Street YM-YWHA in New York City. The contest was judged by Henri Cole, J.D. McClatchy and Jane Shore. Now in its fifteenth year, the competition combines The Poetry Center's Discovery contest and* The Nation*'s poetry prize. It is open to poets who have not published in book form.*

—Grace Schulman, poetry editor

FANTASIA ON MY FATHER'S GIFT

For safe mailing, he sealed the box with too much
tear-proof tape—as if with stays or feeding tubes

its body, heavy, celestial, clumsy,
had been cinched. Think of the word *lourde*, containing

healing (Lourdes) and homely (*laid*) and getting laid.
I cowered before the task of cracking it.

I treated the scissors like an x-acto
knife, forswearing the holes where in crab fashion

first finger and thumb cooperate to cut.
I did not scissor conventionally; I

knived, though these are classical sewing scissors
stolen from my mother, who barely figures

in this story. The box was honestly white,
though the tape had yellowed on its postal trip.

My scissor's blade thrust between the twin box-flaps,
a valley or canal where the tape must perform

its own resistance, but some of the wire-backed
crosshatchings pointed left and others pointed

right, so no single gesture could thwart them all.
I had to find the tape's beginning and break

its continuity, slit a vein and peel
back the spiraling strips as in a '50s

mummy film at Fox Theatre where the lobby
tried to be a labyrinth and succeeded:

in the box, forced open, I saw the same
Styrofoam pellets my cautious father stuffed

among my record-player's parts to prevent
its mind from ruin while being shipped thirteen

years ago (it arrived ruined): now I found,
on the Styrofoam bed, two moonrocks swaddled

shut in taped plastic, each unclassified weight
synesthetically reminiscent of sounds

at Point Lobos where seals choraled (my father
found them musical, he was wearing a coat

whose plaid I should filially reproduce
as if poems were pacts and not indiscretions

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

murmured to keep oneself alive): and within
the tape lay a deeper plastic, reinforced

with eyeball-shaped air pockets that childish hands
love to pop: within this glaucous diaphragm

asking politely to be punctured I found
a cloth the color of the solar system

or the velvet lap on which engagement rings
and the less serious friendship rings are laid

for safekeeping, seduction and emphasis
in a jeweler's window: this violinist's

chamois contained two lumps starting to attain
a nominal absoluteness in my hand:

I spoiled the fabric by scissoring it up
and found, inside, a smeary newsprint photo

of two male dignitaries shaking hands while
a woman in a checked dress (interpreter?)

looked on: nested in the newspaper, some white
crepe paper which I poked through, uncovering

two candles, though the word "candle" came to me
after puzzling. Here is what I saw, and see.

They are heart-sized, a cow's heart, not a chicken's;
not faceted, but bordering the country

of facets; unsure of their shape; arctic, clumped.
They lie in limbo between glass and crystal,

though isn't crystal just a duchy of glass?
These opaque objects flirt with transparency

and through their mottled amorphous sides I see
the white wax interior, the mystery,

the candle itself, which I must separate
semantically from the candleholder: one

is squat and perfumed and has a tendency
to melt, the other's molecules refuse,

by birthright, to have intercourse with ash.
The crystal fits its candle like a holster

hugs its pistol. My father mailed these ice-rocks
from Detroit, city of riot, with no note;

the gift speaks for itself. Packed circumspectly,
the candles and their cages reached me entire.

I light the wicks: one catches, the other fails
to strike up a reciprocity with fire,

for this shy thread is imbedded in tallow
and only shows, above the ground, a fraction

of flesh, as though it were maladroit at sports
and could not rise to the occasion of air.

Wayne Koestenbaum

MOVES

When the movers leave my mother's china
and linen in the rain in the front yard
of the penultimate place we're stationed,
she sits down among the boxes
scattered like a child's blocks
and says, I'm never moving again.
She's almost right.
There's only one more move, out to Lemoore
where VA-76 will leave for Vietnam.
And when she gets there,
she wants to go home suddenly
where her family is.
So my father drives us 80 miles an hour
cross-country, and flies back
to take the squadron on a second tour.
Though he's gone, though he's been gone
more years than he's been at home,
we carry on our ordinary lives.
I wear a sky-dyed uniform each day
to the local school for girls;
my brother joins cub scouts.
Mother volunteers at Navy Relief.
When the glossy military car pulls up,
my mother is not at home,
not sitting down collected,
but driving up the street,
with bags of groceries in the back seat.
And even when she sees it,
she thinks nothing of it,
she thinks it's a social call.
Only when the chaplain gets out
does the thought cross her mind.
Then, she begins to shake.
Grief travels toward you this way
out of the blue. It finds you
unprepared, as when you spy
your mother across the asphalt
basketball court where she's come
to retrieve you from school,
and she puts her arm around you
somewhere between gym and world history
and says, your father is missing.

Gardner McFall

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE DREAM SHE DOESN'T TELL HIM

In the dream she doesn't tell him, another snowfall
has begun, and she, lover of cold
and clouds, walks into it, heart-sunk, finally

weary of this winter that will not end.
In the next blink she stands at his apartment.
A note addressed to her is pinned to the door.
Inside it says only *You are loved.*

She opens the door but no one is there.
The apartment is white, bare, trapezoidal,
no curtains, nothing on the walls. Outside
are tall buildings, all new, all vacant.
He walks in behind her then, and suddenly

his ex-wife appears before her.
The two women discover they look just alike.
They face each other and laugh politely.
The small room resonates with the man's unspoken
You are loved, but the woman no longer

believes it's for her. She moves to the door,
eyes down, embarrassed, saying *Thank you,*
Goodbye, knowing when she leaves
the ex-wife, too, will disappear with her

into the thin, exhausted snow of the city,
into the unnamed streets of the city—
Will disappear with her. Where no one lives.

Debra Allbery

ALMOST AUTUMN

I don't know what's growing on it—
weeds and a bush of yellow flowers that must be tickseed sunflowers or something
like them—
whatever landed on the rotting paint float and liked it there.
I see such stuff is done on purpose in the Orient and called floating islands
but Bob just let the thing rot to the point it was tending in that direction—
some moss and grass, last year, and now a few feet's worth of whatever's at work.
Almost autumn is what it all means.
The bees living in a neighboring piling are making the rounds,
the biggest nets the spiders have left catch the morning dew,
everything straining, stretching,
more than aware of what's to be done at summer's end,
in the diminishing hours of daylight and cooler nights,
foraging for the last scraps of food to be found.

THE ISLAND

Reflected on the water, the lights are flame-like, flickering
in orange swatches where the wind ripples the moving tidal cove.
The long shapes beneath the dock's lighting are like torches
whose motions make companions in the night.
In the winter stillness, the flames flicker and burn.
For all the flowering of houses being built, the boats coming and going in summer,
the changes and commotion in town, our daily lives,
we'd seem misguided, mostly, but hopeful.
I hadn't noticed till now all we've lost. The seven lights in line on the island,
their strange friendly ceaseless flaring.

Rick Lyon

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

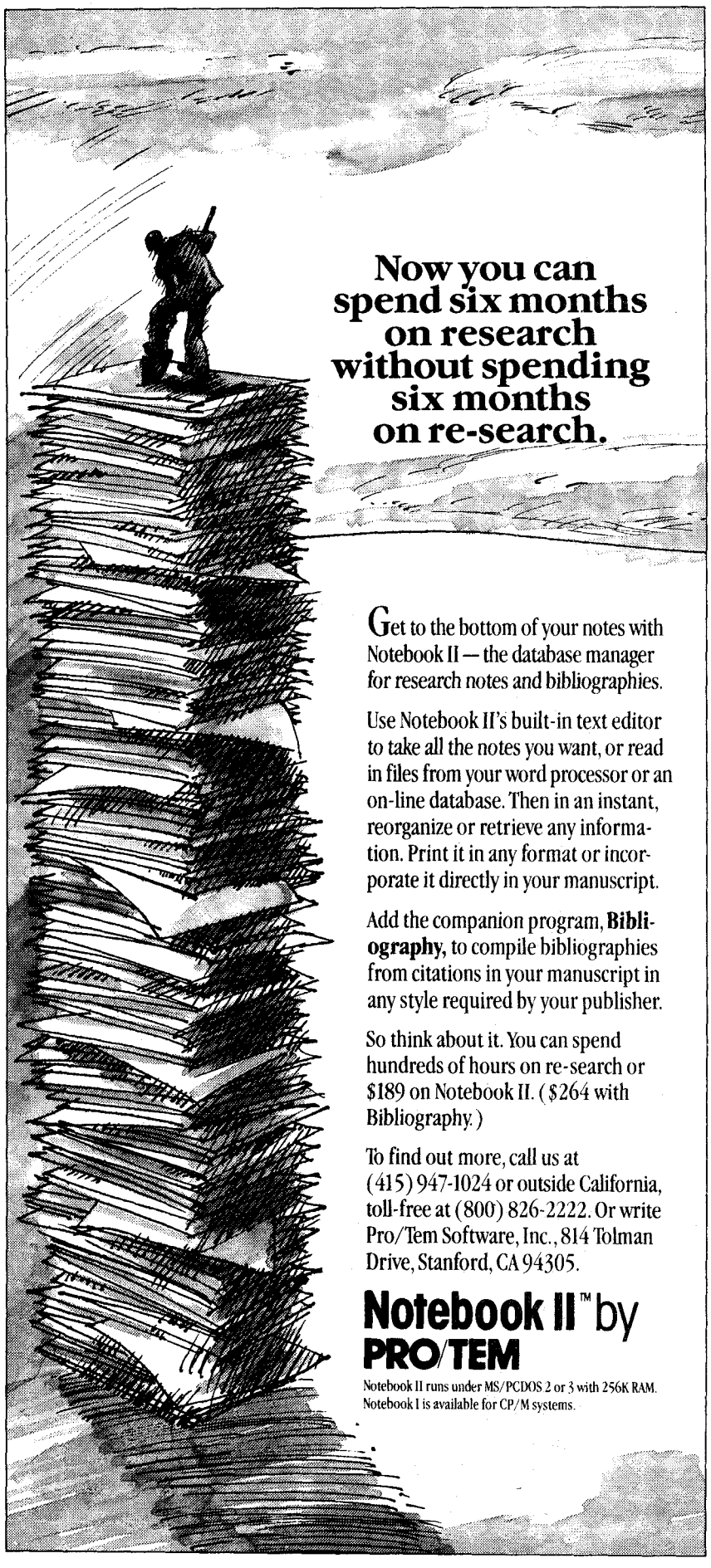
ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Robert Colescott
Russell Connor

The idea of the masterpiece has come under two waves of artistic attack during the past quarter-century. The first came from art-makers who understood that a period had been entered in which the rules and practices that made the masterpiece a possibility and an ideal no longer defined the making of art, so the question had to be faced of what their connection was to be with that great history that had come to its end in the early 1960s. The second attack came from the direction of politics. It was mounted by a new generation of art-makers who felt themselves disenfranchised by the institutions and attitudes embodied in the masterpiece, construed as the symbol of everything elitist, exclusionary and oppressive in the world of art. The members of the first wave still felt themselves to be artists in the traditional sense, with all the privileges and ambitions artists supposed themselves entitled to, but without the historical assurances that they themselves could any longer produce the kind of art that in its highest achievement became the masterpiece. The members of the second wave, feminists, often, or members of one or another minority, undertook through protest to call into question the institutions of artistic empowerment which the artists of the first wave—white, male, educated—continued to take for granted.

Both waves resorted to ridicule and appropriation as weapons, but it was in the first wave primarily that the familiar masterpieces of the Western tradition were incorporated as the subjects of works of art, about which the incorporating work could then make various deflationary statements. Roy Lichtenstein's clever brushstroke paintings are a paradigm of this type—paintings that were *of* brushstrokes, but that themselves used nothing like the kinds of brushstrokes they showed. The brushstrokes they were of were the heavy gestural wipes and swipes of pigment so central to Abstract Expressionist aesthetics, where the artist, driven by some acute creative passion, enacted upon the surface of the canvas some powerful, muscular movement of a brush so


Now you can spend six months on research without spending six months on re-search.
Get to the bottom of your notes with Notebook II — the database manager for research notes and bibliographies.
Use Notebook II's built-in text editor to take all the notes you want, or read in files from your word processor or an on-line database. Then in an instant, reorganize or retrieve any information. Print it in any format or incorporate it directly in your manuscript.
Add the companion program, **Bibliography**, to compile bibliographies from citations in your manuscript in any style required by your publisher.
So think about it. You can spend hundreds of hours on re-search or $189 on Notebook II. ($264 with Bibliography.)
To find out more, call us at (415) 947-1024 or outside California, toll-free at (800) 826-2222. Or write Pro/Tem Software, Inc., 814 Tolman Drive, Stanford, CA 94305.
Notebook II™ by PRO/TEM
Notebook II runs under MS/PCDOS 2 or 3 with 256K RAM. Notebook I is available for CP/M systems.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TO JEOPARDIZE A PERFECTLY GOOD FRIENDSHIP.

Give someone you care about a gift subscription to *The Nation*.

In all likelihood, the recipient will get just as enraged, worked up and aggravated about the issues the magazine covers as our regular subscribers do.

That's because *The Nation* covers those issues with a critical spirit and an independent perspective that set us apart from other publications. Which isn't surprising, since it's written by such original thinkers as Alexander Cockburn, Kirkpatrick Sale and Frances FitzGerald.

And politics isn't all we cover. Our subscribers also enjoy our writing on the arts, which is of such extraordinary clarity and intelligence that it alone is worth the price of a subscription.

So maybe you should give *The Nation* as a gift after all.

Just be sure your relationship can stand it.

The Nation.
Subscribing to our principles isn't enough.

YES! I THINK MY RELATIONSHIP CAN TAKE IT. Please send 24 issues of *The Nation* to the following people at the special gift rate of just $15 for the first gift and $12 for each additional gift. And send a card announcing the subscription(s).

GIFT TO _____ (Please print)
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
GIFT FROM (Your name) _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Enclosed is $_____ for ____ subscription(s).
☐ Bill me later.

Foreign surface postage: add $7/24 issues, $14/one year. Air Mail rates available upon request. Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

THE NATION
BOX 1953, MARION OH 43305

LD9E4S-6

loaded with paint that it could barely be lifted, to achieve the palpable trace of intense feeling. Lichtenstein treated these heroized swags of thick and dripping paint as if illustrating them for a child's coloring book. His paintings replaced all the attributes of the sweep-and-drip brushstrokes with their polar opposites: His were cool, flat, and looked as if they were mechanically reproduced, as if, indeed, he were demonstrating Walter Benjamin's celebrated thesis, stultifying the aura of the brushstroke by means of the absolutely affectless idiom of mechanical reproduction. He was not merely making sport of the romantic pretenses of a body of great work—he was refuting by counterdemonstration the false premises of its alleged greatness. It was part of a collective effort to cut the masterpiece down to size. In that same era, for example, Malcolm Morley painted a copy of a postcard of Vermeer's *The Artist's Studio*, distancing the original even further than a copy of the painting itself would have, as if to say that the mechanical reproduction of the painting was more worth appropriating than the painting itself. (And of course Morley's work has an originality and an interest no mere copy of the actual work could have, since it is dense with the most intricate historical and theoretical references.)

Lichtenstein and Morley were among the wittier artists of the 1960s, seeking to define themselves and the possibilities of art in their time against the masterpiece by putting between their works and the masterpieces they incorporated an important distance. They were endeavoring to show that they were not continuing the history to which the masterpieces belonged but philosophizing about that history from a post-historical era whose own artistic imperatives remained to be discovered. But theirs were typical of responses made worldwide. The Russian conceptualists Komar and Melamid, for example, fabricated charred but still recognizable effigies of characteristic Lichtensteins, which had in turn appropriated the idiom of the comic strip: the end result looked like fragments found by archeologists investigating the culture of the twentieth century, which had destroyed itself ("Blam!") eons before.

The archetypal gesture had been, as always, made by Duchamp when he drew the mustache on a copy of the *Mona Lisa*, proving through that act and the shocked responses to it that the power ascribed to great works was transmitted to their reproductions, since his was perceived as an act of irreverent desecration, almost as if he had defaced the painting itself. Warhol stenciled *Mona Lisa*s up and down a canvas (*Thirty Are Better than One*), as if to challenge the concept of uniqueness. Peter Saul reconstituted *Guernica*, treating its figures as if made of inner tubes or sausage casings. The basic impulses were iconoclastic. But iconoclasm acknowledges the power of images through its drive to destroy them. The interesting question facing the artists of the 1960s was where art was to go when the demolition itself had been achieved: What was art to be in the new historical era, now that it was widely felt that the old one, which stretched from Greco-Roman times to and through the art of the New York School, had reached its natural end. (This question remains to be answered today.)

Meanwhile, as the 1960s turned into the 1970s, a new wave of artists, some more aggressive and strident than others, expressed in various ways the attitude that the grip of "genius-type objects" on the consciousness of the art world was going to have to be loosened if art coming from different groups was to find its audiences and its appropriate aesthetics. Some of the critiques were intended to open art-world institutions up to those who felt themselves underrepresented there because of gender or race. And some were in defense of an art that repudiated those institutions altogether. Alternative spaces were sought for an alternative art somehow felt more suitable as the conduit of expression for the visions and voices of defiantly marginal creative artists. Sometimes these artists employed a visual rhetoric of coarseness and ephemerality, as if to repudiate the aesthetic values the masterpiece presupposed and celebrated, to the detriment, in their view, of a more liberal and socially conscious mission for art. Predictably, politically conservative critics responded by defending traditional aesthetics, and wrote acidulous and carping reviews of institutions that had opened grudging doors to the new impulses. A great many things fabricated in the name of art became what I have called "disturbational." Disturbational objects are intended to bruise sensibilities, to offend good taste, to jeer and sneer and trash the consciousness of viewers formed by the very values disturbation regards as oppressive. Its aim is to transform moral consciousness, not to gratify the sense of beauty that implies privilege and posi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion and inequalities of every order. By contrast with the first wave—subtle, humorous, sly, urbane—the master-baiting of the second wave can become very rough indeed.

The paintings of Robert Colescott relate to masterpieces in both these ways, appropriationist and disturbatory at once, injuring two modes of liberal sensibility with one blow. Colescott's basic formula consists in substituting black for white faces and figures in paintings that any graduate of any liberal arts institution knows as well as he or she knows the various commercial labels appropriated by Pop artists in the sixties. Just as no one in our culture has to be told what Campbell's Soup or Coca-Cola is, no educated person is ignorant of what Jan van Eyck's *Arnolfini Wedding Portrait* and Manet's *Déjeuner sur l'herbe* look like: These are among the works that one has to identify in final examinations in art history courses everywhere. Colescott has spoken of "putting blacks into art history." His way of achieving this is to repaint the history of art with blacks instead of whites in all the famous paintings, and giving the works titles often in the dialect of Uncle Remus.

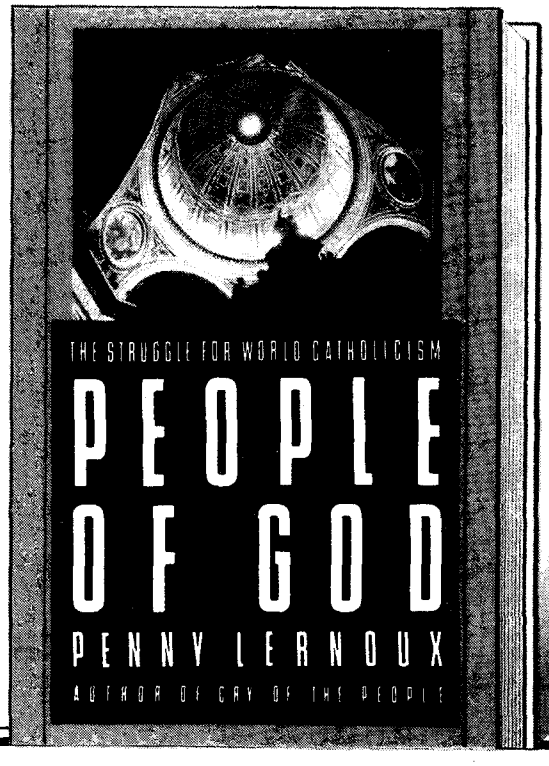
His performance is rather of a piece with that by which Linda Nochlin reimagines Courbet's *The Painter's Studio* with a woman in the picture where Courbet portrayed himself. One could put women into the history of art by replacing all the male self-portraits with female ones. The difference would be this: Women are routinely given depictions of an exalted beauty from the Venuses of classical Greece through the nineteenth century. But Colescott uses the coarsest and most stereotyped depictions of blacks, with thick lips, rolling eyes and heavy teeth like rows of white corn. So he is not merely defacing through re-facing—which in effect is what Duchamp did. The re-faces are those of exaggerated caricatural negritude. And these are as immediately offensive to liberal sentiment as the racial epithets Lenny Bruce snarled at his audiences. It is this exploitation of stereotypes usually rejected as degrading that makes Colescott's work disturbatory. But just as one sets out to condemn them, one learns that Colescott is himself black, and one must abruptly begin to rethink the point and practice of art and the meaning of racial representation, and to recognize as an internal artistic fact rather than an external unacknowledged truth, that almost all those men and women in the great art of the West are white.

I must defer to a more leisurely occasion a speculation on why the same kind of imagery should in one context be racist and vilifying while in another context be acceptable and possibly exalting. The imagery in Colescott's work is very raw and rough, but it is terribly humorous. Look at those grinning black faces wearing the heavy bonnets of Van Gogh's potato eaters in a work called *Eat Dem Taters*. Or at the black woman who has replaced Manet's white nude in *Déjeuner sur l'herbe*, her nakedness emphasized by the discarded brassiere and girdle in lurid pinks. Or the imposing but spectacled standing figure in *George Washington Carver Crossing the Delaware: Page From an American History Textbook*, where the black leader in Revolutionary War costume sails his floating minstrel show past ice floes: one man is barefoot, catching a fish; there is a smiling black man in chef's whites like the one from the Wheatena box; there is Aunt Jemima (whose face also appears as the woman's head in a takeoff on one of De Kooning's *Women*); a banjo-picker; a drinker of corn likker; someone who

The struggle for the soul of the Catholic Church

The progressive reformers in the Third World and the United States and the hierarchical dogmatists of the Vatican are battling to control the Church today—and tomorrow. Now, Penny Lernoux, the acclaimed author of *Cry of the People*, provides "a detailed up-to-date chronicle of the struggle and a guide to the complex array of participants...Lucid and lively."
—Patrick Breslin, *Washington Post Book World*

"A fascinating book... a mine of information on the current worldwide struggle to redefine the term 'Catholic'."
—David Toolan, S.J., *Boston Globe*

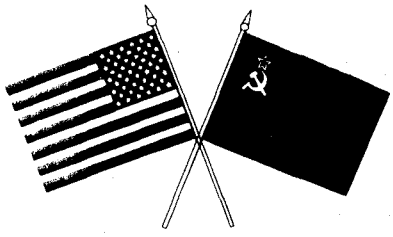


VIKING
Penguin USA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

looks like Marcus Garvey in a lodge uniform, folding Old Glory (where are the Gold Dust Twins?).

I have seen a video of Colescott explaining himself. He came up in a period of art when painting was pointing in a minimalist direction. The whole history of art culminated in the single stripe on a painted field—and Barnett Newman had already *done* that! So art was over. There was no next place to aim for. And Colescott must have found enormously liberating the thought that it *was* over, and that one did not have to carry the history of art forward if one wanted to be an artist. From that point on he had a riotously good time making rowdy paintings, making fun of everyone, himself not excluded, fantasizing in public, making wonderful jokes at the expense of pure art. *Le Cubisme* looks like what its title requires until close examination dissolves its facets and rhythms into wedges of chocolate cake, living up to its funny subtitle *Chocolate Cakescape. Hot Dawg!* really is a wall of hot dogs, but from a distance they look like the brushstrokes of an Impressionist painting. Hence the subtitle *An Impression.*



Summit Lapel Pins worn by Reagan and Gorbachev at Summit (See June 13th cover of Time Magazine). Full flag color, brass, 1/3 illustrated size. $2. Postpaid. 6 for $10.00. 50 for $75.
THINKPEACE 2131 Union Street, Suite 3, Dept. 49B, San Francisco, CA 94123 (415) 885-6404
We ship within 24 hours.

Join The Nation Associates, a group of loyal and committed *Nation* readers who provide invaluable support for the magazine through annual contributions of $20 or more. Membership includes a subscription to "The Nation Associate," a newsletter that tells you what's going on behind the scenes at *The Nation,* and invitations to many *Nation*-sponsored events.

For further information write or call Sandra Zickefoose, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011, (212) 242-8400. Make checks payable to The Nation Associates.

Liberties of a rather different order are taken with masterpieces in the works of Russell Connor. Less ambiguous in his pursuit of visual fun than Colescott because less engaged in political concerns, Connor is equally anxious to reconnect with traditional painting when in a sense the only way to do so is to put it at a distance. This painter breaks masterpieces apart and reassembles them, as if the fragments had some elective affinity their original artists had been unable to perceive. The smoothly combined fragments then form a crazily coherent image in which the painting has something of the structure of the joke, according to Freudian theory. Thus a dancing couple from Renoir's *Dance in the City*, wrapped up in one another's presence, have waltzed out of their frame into a space left empty in Caillebotte's *Street in Paris, a Rainy Day*, where they are peered at from under parasols by Caillebotte's bourgeois *promeneurs.* (The painting is titled—of course—*Dancing in the Rain.*)

All the works are of this inspired order. Madame Recamier's familiar chaise longue is extended to form a gondola, at the opposite end of which David's Marat has passed out drunk—a nicer fate than being slain in his bathtub, as in the "original" work. Manet's little fife-player, in his snappy red pantaloons, is the target of Manet's firing squad, on furlough from *The Execution of Emperor Maximilian* in a painting called *The Dawn of Modernism.* Perhaps Connor's own masterpiece in this genre is his delicious insinuation of the demoiselles d'Avignon where Rubens had painted fleshy women in *The Rape of the Daughters of Leucippus.* The demoiselles are now being snatched away by Rubens's horsemen in a painting called *The Kidnapping of Modern Art by the New Yorkers*, which puns on the title of an infuriating book by Serge Guilbaut: *How New York Stole the Idea of Modern Art.* (It is striking that the same "masterpieces" turn up in the work of both artists: Colescott has two paintings called *Les Demoiselles d'Alabama.* And where Colescott gives us Delacroix's *Liberty Leading the People* in blackface, Connor has Delacroix's revolutionaries crashing into Ingres's *Turkish Bath* in a painting titled *The Liberation of the Harem.)*

These are marvelous art-historical jokes, given a wry plausibility by cunning placement and masterly brushwork. And they register a serious point not commonly addressed. In a recent essay printed alongside Linda Nochlin's reimagination of Courbet, the art historian Michael Fried described what he termed "Courbet's 'Femininity.'" His thesis, as nearly as I can grasp it, is that Courbet's female nudes are posed as if they held brushes and palettes—as if they were artists, perhaps Courbet himself, who projected his own bodily postures onto his female subjects. It is an interesting observation, and I can imagine Connor taking one of Courbet's nudes out of one of Courbet's paintings and placing her before some other suitably appropriated Courbet canvas—perhaps the very painting that shows her, the result looking as if she were painting a self-portrait. Connor has, for example, taken Michelangelo's Jesus from *The Last Judgment* and placed him, like a conductor, in front of Degas's oboe-player and his fellow musicians in the pit of the *Orchestra of the Opéra.* But while "Christ as Conductor" is a plausible reading of the deployed figure, it would be strange to write an article based on this perception and called "Michelangelo's Musicianship." The arrangement of the human figure in a painting is always underdetermined, and context can always alter our reading of it. Christ, with his raised arm in Giotto's Arena frescoes, looks the same, posturally, whether he is raising Lazarus, driving out the moneylenders or simply making a rabbinical point. The masters understood this perfectly. The art historian Edgar Wind published a fascinating paper which cites Sir Joshua Reynolds's discussion of how an ancient bacchante was borrowed by Bacio Bandinelli and used for one of the Marys in a *Descent From the Cross.* Exactly the same gestures that in one context express license and sexual abandon in another express what Reynolds describes as the "frantick agony of grief." Reynolds says, "The extremes of contrary passion are with very little variation expressed by the same action."

So Fried may be right about Courbet's femininity. But we need more than the evidence of the paintings to establish this. Connor's works are standing refutations of all possible interpretations based upon the reading of body language unsupported by other evidence. I am not at all certain that this is what Connor means to show, only that it is among the things that makes his work possible. Thus he has Rembrandt's Aristotle contemplating the bust of Rembrandt's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bathsheba, who in turn is contemplating the bust of Homer. And contemplation, as Hitchcock proved in *Rear Window*, supports different ascriptions of motive depending upon the subject contemplated. Connor's Rembrandt's Aristotle becomes a dirty old man, even if he looks just like the Aristotle who, when contemplating the bust of Homer, must have been thinking out the *Poetics*.

Alas, Colescott's show at the New Museum of Contemporary Art in New York City closed on April 16, but it will reopen at the Seattle Museum of Art, May 20 to July 15. You can see Connor's show, Masters and Pieces, in the mall gallery of the City University of New York Graduate Center at 33 West 42nd Street until May 9. □

THEATER.

THOMAS M. DISCH

Jerome Robbins' Broadway In Circles

Ever since it was announced and all through its extended and much-publicized rehearsal period, I was certain I would love *Jerome Robbins' Broadway*, and when the great night came, late last February, I was not disappointed. I loved each and every one of the fourteen numbers gathered from nine earlier musicals (excepting, perhaps, an ill-fated pas de trois called "Mr. Monotony," which was bumped out of both *Miss Liberty* and *Call Me Madam*, for reasons that soon became apparent), but for the life of me, I could not think what to say *except* that I loved it. The program features sixty-two performers, and at least half that number have moments of glory that would rate a citation of merit had those moments come in a musical of ordinary dimensions. There are four absolutely show-stopping production numbers that might stand up to, if not overshadow, Robbins's traditional ballets, if only because the singing voice can add a supererogatory beauty that classic ballet must by its own rules forswear; there are, besides, three mini-anthologies of highlights from *On the Town*, *West Side Story* and *Fiddler on the Roof*. It is a night of almost nothing *but* highlights, and yet so well assorted and arranged that the plenum of so much concerted talent never cloys or sates or overtaxes. One leaves the Imperial Theatre walking on clouds. Anyone who isn't brain dead would have to respond to this show with a measurable degree of pleasure, and a person of medium sensuality will go bananas.

Then what shall a critic do? Praise the composers and lyricists: Comden and Green and Bernstein for *On the Town*; Bernstein again for *West Side Story*, this time setting the lyrics of Sondheim; Sondheim setting his own lyrics (ageless as any by W.S. Gilbert) in "Comedy Tonight"; and on down the list of all those giants with shoe sizes so much larger than the Webbers and whatshisnames of Broadway today? Then one might run down a similar list of credits for the five set-designers the program cites, and the seven costumers, with further salutes to the overall *generalissimos* of costume and design, Joseph Aulisi and Robin Wagner.

A long-lived critic might be able to compare these re-creations with their originals, but that rules me out, since five of the shows came to New York before I did; and though I did see *West Side Story* soon after it opened, I got to *Fiddler*, *Gypsy* and *A Funny Thing* only in their movie versions. In any case, I doubt any critic has such eidetic memory that his comparisons between then and now would have any authority. It took a small army of past performers and dance archivists to assist Robbins in the task of re-creation. What does a millimeter of pizazz more or less matter when we are discussing the nth degree of wonderful?

Well, then, is there something uniquely Robbinsian that this vast retrospective has made apparent? I doubt it. The hallmark of the larger sort of genius is its impersonality and across-the-board scope. Robbins can do anything Broadway has any place for, and in his time he was one of the crucial figures in expanding the emotional and aesthetic range of what musical comedy can handle without becoming "arty." (Artiness is the fault of the "Mr. Monotony" dance number; it smacks of 1940s cultcha, as in "Hey man, some of us Broadway cats can dig that toe-shoe stuff!") Perhaps there is an element of Robbins's stature that this show tends to underline by its own mammoth physical requirements, and that is the respect in which he acted somewhat as an impresario. If not a producer himself, he often directed as well as choreographed, and the logistics of a musical comedy must be daunting. I suspect it was Robbins himself who often supplied the initial charismatic energy for many of the musicals in which his official role

Votes are important.

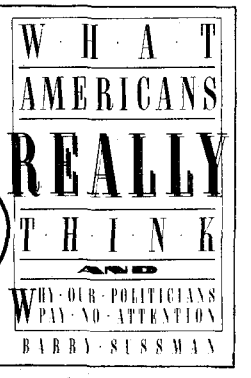
Almost as important as:

a) money

Special Student Price $9.50

"Proves that, no matter how long and draining is the quest for votes, the wooing of money is even more prolonged and intense for politicians."--Garry Wills, *New York Review of Books.*

b) public opinion



Special Student Price $9.50

"A fascinating and sensitive account of public opinion over the past twenty years." Benjamin Ginsberg, Cornell University, in *The Nation*

Attention Political Science Professors:
For examination copies write to Pantheon Education Dept., 201 E. 50th St., NY, NY 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

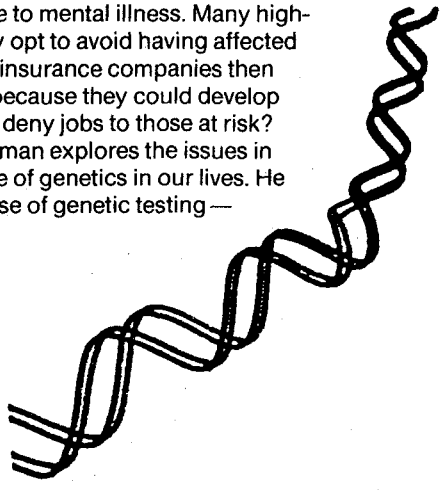
Proceed with Caution

Predicting Genetic Risks in the Recombinant DNA Era

NEIL A. HOLTZMAN, M.D., M.P.H.

Commercially available genetic testing will soon enable doctors to identify those of us likely to develop—and pass on to our children—disorders ranging from heart disease to mental illness. Many high-risk but otherwise healthy couples may opt to avoid having affected children. Others will not. Could health insurance companies then refuse their children coverage simply because they could develop an incurable illness? Could employers deny jobs to those at risk? Johns Hopkins physician Neil A. Holtzman explores the issues in a wide-ranging look at the growing role of genetics in our lives. He shows how we can cut the risk of misuse of genetic testing—and safeguard individual freedom.

$14.95 *paperback*



Available at your bookstore or from

THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY PRESS
701 West 40th Street, Suite 275
Baltimore, Maryland 21211
or call 1-800-537-JHUP

ADVERTISE IN THE NATION

CALL (212) 242-8400

SAVE THE NATION

Organize and protect your back copies in Nation cases or binders, covered in red leatherette with a gold Nation logo. 1 case or 1 binder holds 6 months (1 volume) of *The Nation.*

Cases $7.95, 3 for $21.95, 6 for $39.95
Binders $9.95, 3 for $27.95, 6 for $52.95

Mail to: The Nation, Jesse Jones Industries, Dept. N, 499 E. Erie Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19134.

I would like _____ cases; _____ binders.

Enclosed is my check for $_____. Add $1 per unit postage/handling. Outside U.S. $2.50 per unit.

Major credit cards accepted for orders over $15. To charge call toll free 1 (800) 972-5858.

Name _____

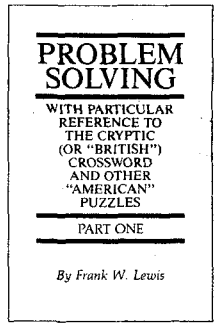
Address _____
(NO P.O. BOXES PLEASE)

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Payment in U.S. funds. PA residents add 6% sales tax. Satisfaction guaranteed.

PROBLEM SOLVING

by Frank W. Lewis


PROBLEM SOLVING
WITH PARTICULAR REFERENCE TO THE CRYPTIC (OR "BRITISH") CROSSWORD AND OTHER "AMERICAN" PUZZLES
PART ONE
By Frank W. Lewis

- Cryptic crosswords
- Monoalphabetic substitution
- American crosswords
- Diagramless
- New multielement puzzles
- Problems for *you* to solve

$8.95

Make an $8.95 check or money order payable to E.S. Lewis and mail to "Problem Solving," 32 Pembroke Avenue, Acushnet, MA 02743.

was that of choreographer, but to determine the degree to which that might be true is a biographer's work, not a critic's. There is mention in Gilbert Harrison's life of Thornton Wilder, *The Enthusiast*, that a musical version of *The Skin of Our Teeth* died aborning when Robbins and Bernstein backed out of the project, leaving Comden and Green in the lurch; that suggests that Robbins's contribution in the first concept-forming trimester of a musical's life could be crucial, even a sine qua non.

Interesting as the subject may be, the how-to of musical-making isn't a critic's concern either—only the finished product is. And the nagging thing about *Jerome Robbins' Broadway* was that beyond the sheer elation it generated I felt the show does embody something that might be called, for lack of a better term, "white soul"—i.e., what is best and most typical of white American pop music—in somewhat the way that this season's *Black and Blue* does "black soul." The dates of Robbins's musical comedies certainly correspond (like the dates of Abstract Expressionism) with the first triumphal flowering of the Pax Americana, a moment mirrored not only in the exuberance of the three sailors taking on New York in *On the Town* but also in the moral imperialism of the "Small House of Uncle Thomas" ballet in *The King and I.* In the last moments of his last musical, 1964's *Fiddler on the Roof*, America beckons as the savior of those Jews who will be lucky or wise enough to flee Europe betimes. Robbins's choreographic contributions were never peripheral to these themes, never merely ornamental; they were at the dramatic core of each show.

But such thematic continuities are not the stuff that "soul" is made of, of whatever color. Soul must be more intrinsic in the performance style. It's something you feel when you are in its presence. You can vibrate to it, or possibly point to it if you're quick enough. But define it? Analyze it?

And then I saw the Apple Theatre Company's revival of the Al Carmines and Gertrude Stein musical *In Circles*, where I had, despite the much-reduced scale of the undertaking, an epiphanous zing similar to the one I'd registered seven weeks earlier at the Imperial. When *In Circles* was performed at the Cherry Lane Theater twenty-one years ago (after opening at the Reverend Carmines's home base, Judson Memorial

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Church on Washington Square), it had a run of nine months, which must be the longest continuous production any dramatic work by Gertrude Stein has ever had. Abstraction is a good preservative, and *In Circles* shows its age not at all, except in its blithe sixties-ish unwillingness to recognize any boundaries between high art and low, between Aeschylus and kitsch. The set for this revival, by Mark Symczak, reflects this spirit, with a collaged arboretum of leaf motifs that is half Juan Gris and half greeting card.

Judson Church in the 1960s and 1970s was one of the main venues of the *Zeitgeist*, and the unifying principle of Judson Church was Al Carmines, both as minister and composer-impresario. His *Christmas Rappings* were Nativity pageants in which the peace movement, gay liberation and Søren Kierkegaard joined hands and became a Chorus Line. Add Gertrude Stein to this ecumenical mix and the result is *In Circles*, the wonder of which is that it is not only superb entertainment but a more inspired unriddling and illumining of Stein's gnomic poetry than even Virgil Thompson's two lovely operas, *Four Saints in Three Acts* and *The Mother of Us All*. Thompson may be the greater composer, but in his relation to the text he takes the liberties great composers are accustomed to, while Carmines seems at every moment to have taken his inspiration from the human feelings latent in Stein's fragmented utterances. And that's quite a job when the texts to be dealt with read like this on the page:

> An inner circle.
> And inner circle again. Do tease me. Nose kisses and thirds. I have been deceived. No you have been refused. I have refused ten spots as one. But not as ten. As ten. But not as too.

In the hands of Carmines this becomes a kind of cakewalk, all bounce and ebullience for the first three sentences; then the lines are parceled out to separate voices speaking in a declamatory style. The effect is a kind of liminal semi-sense, more referential to the real world than, say, scat singing but still a bit hazy, as though one were being addressed in Turkish in one's dreams. This effect is only possible, of course, if the director and the cast have connected with text and score, and that was the big question mark in approaching this revival, since Carmines himself had been pianist and conductor for his own show, and kept the pot always bubbling, for instance by recomposing the opening round—"Papa dozes mama blows her noses"—afresh at regular intervals. Would it work without the daily zap of his hands-on genius?

Thanks to director Jayne Brookes and pianist and music director Charles Berigan it works quite well. I saw the show with a companion who'd seen some thirty or so performances of the original, and he too gave it a thumbs up, albeit with the loyal demur that the original cast created more individuated characters. That comment, together with the score's rapid flux of solo voices and chorus, makes it difficult to portion out plaudits. I know that David Salovitz and Daniel Burke gave off a steady radiance of show-biz razzmatazz, and Barbara Brooks sang like an angel. I think my two other favorites were Laura Brutsman and Paul Dimeo; but in the lobby, trying to connect the cast's photos with the faces I'd just seen, I was already losing contact with the trees in my enthusiasm for Carmines's forest. "This," I thought gratefully, "is just what I felt after *Jerome Robbins' Broadway*; this is another manifestation of white soul."

Even then I couldn't define what that common ground might be, but mulling it over what I got to was this: White soul is characterized by a particularly deep bonding of words and music, song and dance. It is Gene Kelly singing and dancing in the rain. It is Mary Martin at the moment she announces "I'm flying!" and lo and behold, she is.

And its characteristic affective mode is a joyful irony, as against black soul, which aims at gut honesty. It is a chorus of Englishmen solemnly announcing themselves to be gentlemen of Japan; Zero Mostel singing, "Tragedy tomorrow. Comedy tonight!" It is Gertrude Stein celebrating all her unmentionable joys in exquisitely nuanced conundrums, hiding her soul, so to speak, like the purloined letter, in plain sight. It is American pragmatism compressing sentimentality and *Realpolitik* into one frenetic "Charleston" (choreographed by Robbins for *Billion Dollar Baby*). It is the glad acceptance of sleazy, commercialized sex, as we can see it in *Gypsy*'s "You Gotta Have a Gimmick." It is fun and false and glamorous and firecrackers on the Fourth.

See both shows. The Robbins should be around forever and can be seen as often as you want to splurge, but *In Circles* could be gone with the spring blossoms. Catch it if you can. It's a major monument of Only Yesterday, and it's at the Kittredge Club, 109 East 39th Street. □

EVENTS.

PROPAGANDA AND POSTMODERNISM

A weekend conference of papers, panels and workshops about propaganda in the postmodern era.

Keynote: **Jeff Cohen** (FAIR)

AUGUST 11 TO 13

Fort Mason, San Francisco

Register now: $75. Inquiries: Claude Steiner, 2901 Piedmont, Berkeley, CA 94705. (415) 843-9667.

Sponsored by *Propaganda Review* magazine.

Join **Anne Braden, Harry Magdoff, Ralph Miliband, Paul M. Sweezy** and **Cornel West** in celebrating

MONTHLY REVIEW'S 40th ANNIVERSARY

THURSDAY, MAY 23, 7:30 PM

St. Peter's Lutheran Church
619 Lexington Avenue
New York City

$25/$15 low income. For reservations and information, call (212) 691-2555, or send check to: MR Anniversary, 122 West 27th Street, New York, NY 10001.

Marxist Literary Group

INSTITUTE ON CULTURE AND SOCIETY

JUNE 15 TO 22

Pittsburgh

With: **Gayatari Spivak, Fred Jameson, Samuel Delaney, Denis Brutus, Page Dubois, James Berlin, Alan Wald, Stanley Aronowitz, Barbara Harlow, Michael Sprinker.**

Call or write: Paul Smith, English, Carnegie-Mellon University, Pittsburgh, PA 15213; (412) 268-6447.

THE SECOND ANNUAL EVENING OF JEWISH & PALESTINIAN CULTURE

To benefit Palestinian medical relief

Traditional music featuring **Simon Shaheen** (Palestinian instrumentalist) and **The Klezmatics** (East European Jewish folk music). Traditional food.

THURSDAY, MAY 18, 7 PM

Martin Luther King Labor Center
310 West 43rd Street
New York City

Donations: $10 in advance; $12 at the door. For advance tickets call (212) 385-4233 or 979-8754. Children welcome. Child care provided.

Proceeds to benefit the Union of Health Care Committees in the West Bank and Gaza and the Association of Israeli and Palestinian Physicians.

Sponsored by New York area American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee, International Jewish Peace Union, New Jewish Agenda, Palestine Aid Society.

SPREAD THE WORD

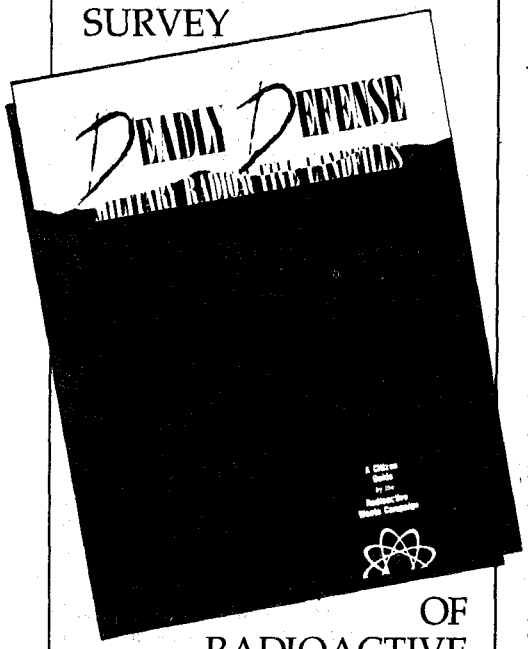
Reach 85,000 Nation subscribers, with an Event ad, for only $1.50 a word.

Deadline is Wednesday, 26 days before cover date. Mail ads to The Nation Events Dept. or call (212) 242-8400, ext. 22.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

1st COMPREHENSIVE SURVEY



OF RADIOACTIVE CONTAMINATION

caused by the production of nuclear weapons

- this "citizen guide" contains 170 pages of explanation on how nuclear weapons are made, how radioactive waste is generated, and where the contamination is spreading
- the 16 primary nuclear weapons facilities are examined
- over 60 maps, diagrams, photos, and tables make this book easy to understand
- a dramatic 4-color 17" × 22" map, showing transportation routes used in the manufacture of nuclear weapons, accompanies each book

For your copy of ***Deadly Defense***, send $15 to

Literature Dept.
Radioactive Waste Campaign
625 Broadway, 2nd Floor
New York, NY 10012

While we reserve the right to refuse any advertisement we believe to be fraudulent, illegal or offensive, The Nation *wishes its readers to know: we don't have the facilities to check the promises made by our advertisers, and we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

ADVENTURE

CANADA BY CANOE. 7-DAY GUIDED EXPEDITIONS. $685/person. For information, call or write: NW Waters, Box 212/P, Portland, OR 97207. (800) 877-2232 Ext. 550.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

LIGHT FURNISHED 1-bedroom apartment, mid-80s near Riverside. Sublet June-July, $900. (212) 595-5206.

APARTMENTS DESIRED

ARTIST/NATION EMPLOYEE seeks living/workspace in the New York City area under $475. Please call Carlos at (212) 242-8400.

NATION WORKER seeks apartment or share in Brooklyn or Manhattan, $400 to $500 a month. Call Sandy McCroskey Monday-Thursday at (212) 242-8400, Friday-Sunday (718) 855-0441.

WANTED: Small studio apartment or apartment share in Manhattan for use 2 weekends per month by academic/journalist couple temporarily based in New Haven. (203) 624-0331.

BED & BREAKFAST

LOS ANGELES near Hollywood. Garden setting. Close to tennis, golf. Residential neighborhood. Reasonable. (213) 664-4425.

BOOKS

HATE VERMONT? Kill time with rare and used books. Lilac Hedge Bookshop, opposite inn. Norwich, Vermont.

USED & ANTIQUARIAN BOOKS – HISTORICAL & ART PRINTS

. . . are what I sell. To receive my free book and print price lists and catalogues, send your name and address to . . .

Woodbridge Brown, PO Box 445, Turners Falls, MA 01376

SECULAR HUMANIST LITERATURE. Authoritative, compelling selections. Catalog $1. Independent Publications, Box 102, Ridgefield, NJ 07657.

Chester Mack's **PUNCHDRUNK MAN READER,** Voice of the New Disaffected. Gaining neither liberal (affirmative-action coalitionist) nor conservative (managerial and professional laissez-faire capitalist) favor, he has fallen thru the political cracks. $14.95 book in hardcover (includes delivery) from: Thistlerose Publ., 1007 Greenbrier, St. Paul, MN 55106 *"Good for stimulating discussion among friends"*—Sunday Gleaner, Kingston, Jamaica

LARGE STOCK OF NEW AND USED BOOKS. Send your wants to: Leonard Hoffnung Books, R1, Box 148, Martinton, IL 60951.

DAMN THE TRIVIA—Our Priorities are Drowning! Explore controversial book. 2 Disks for IBMPCAT $10. PeopleSystems, 78 Maplevale Drive, New Haven, CT 06525.

FREE DUNERY PRESS CATALOG for fanciers of activist fiction. Get an insider's view of hostile mergers, male anorexia and Chicago politics. The Dunery Press, Box 116, Harbert, MI 49115.

BOOKLETS

SCHOLARLY BOOKLET PROVES JESUS NEVER EXISTED!

Conclusive proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, authored Gospels. AMAZING but **ABSOLUTELY INCONTROVERTIBLE!** Send $5 to Abelard Reuchlin Foundation, Box 5652-B, Kent WA 98064. For details please send SASE

BOOK SEARCH SERVICE

Wm CAXTON BOOK SEARCH, Box 709, Sister Bay, WI 54234. *Send phone/address with wants.* (414) 854-2955.

CO-OPS FOR SALE

BROOKLYN—NORTH SLOPE CO-OP. Architect-designed duplex, brick and stone interior walls, custom closets, 1 bedroom, 1½ baths, spacious rec room, living room opens on garden. $119,000. Call (202) 544-0722.

COUNSELING

WOMAN PSYCHOTHERAPIST, 20+ years experience, Ph.D. in clinical psychology. Insight-oriented and analytic. Crisis intervention; short-term; long-term intensive psychoanalytic approach. Free consultation. Sliding scale. Carnegie Hall vicinity, New York City. (212) 582-5508.

PERSONAL PROBLEMS? Caring, mature, experienced clinical psychotherapist will help resolve them. Short-term treatment where possible. Sliding scale. New York City (212) 466-6775; Nassau (516) 484-1249.

EDUCATION

CASA NICARAGÜENSE DE ESPAÑOL

All Nicaragua is a school!

A SPANISH LANGUAGE, POLITICAL AND CULTURAL STUDY CENTER IN MANAGUA, NICARAGUA

Study Spanish While You Learn About the Nicaraguan Revolution First Hand!

CASA NICARAGÜENSE DE ESPAÑOL
Offers you the Opportunity to:

- Study Spanish four hours daily at all levels.
- Live with a Nicaraguan family.
- Meet with representatives from revolutionary organizations.
- Travel to different regions of Nicaragua.

For further information, please send self-addressed stamped envelope to:

2330 W. THIRD ST., Ste. 4,
LOS ANGELES, CA 90057
(213) 386-8077

YEAR-ROUND 2-8 WEEK SESSIONS

SPEAK SPANISH. Total immersion program. Established 1960. Cuernavaca Language School. Apdo. 4-254, 62430 Cuernavaca, Mexico. Telephone: (73) 15-46-43.

LEARN SPANISH IN GUATEMALA. Individualized instruction, 5 hours daily, family living, seminars, excursions. Casa, Box 11264, Milwaukee, WI 53211. (414) 372-5570.

NONRESIDENT UNIVERSITY DEGREES. Bachelor's, Master's, Doctorates. Accredited, inexpensive, fast. Credit for life experience. Free 16-page booklet. Dr. John Bear, Box 7070-172, Berkeley, CA 94707.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDUCATION

WORLDWIDE EDUCATION

The Institute for International Cooperation and Development's 1989-90 Global Education courses include travel, study and solidarity work in: CENTRAL AMERICA & the CARIBBEAN, CHINA & the PHILIPPINES, SOUTH AMERICA, the USA and the SOVIET UNION. Solidarity courses in MOZAMBIQUE and NICARAGUA begin in April and June '89
2 months preparation group-building, language, history, politics, documentation and skill training
5 months travel, study and work;
2 months public education in the USA

For free brochure: IICD
P.O. Box 1063, Amherst, MA
01004 Tel. 413/268-9229

Speak French like a diplomat!

Comprehensive, self-instructional audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning; 56 languages in all. Call or write for free catalog. 1-800-243-1234
AUDIO-FORUM® Dept. 551, 96 Broad St. Guilford, CT 06437

MERCHANDISE

GOVERNMENT SEIZED vehicles from $100. Fords. Mercedes. Corvettes. Chevys. Surplus. Buyers Guide. 1-(805) 687-6000, Ext. S-3596.

I'M PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN LIBERAL
$2 B-STICKER
KD SIGNS
BOX 20610-N
OAKLAND CA
94620

MEN'S NYLON, SILK, SPANDEX FURNISHINGS! Send $2.50 catalog deposit. GAPP, Box 312-N, Chatham, NJ 07928.

DEVA Cotton Clothes

For men & women...tops, pants, jackets, nightwear —and much more. Hand crafted in 22 colors. Send $1 for catalogue & fabric samples.
DEVA, a cottage industry
BoxNTD9, Burkittsville, MD 21718
Call 1-800-222-8024

MISCELLANEOUS

RUSSIAN TYPEWRITERS, Brand new Erika portable, $225; Spanish portable typewriters, $149.50; Ukranian typewriters, $275; Korean typewriters $275. Also, English and other language typewriters. Russian language instruction. Jacob Sachs, 251 West 98th Street, New York, NY 10025. (212) 222-6683.

ORGANIZATIONS

NATIONAL WRITERS UNION. Collective bargaining. Grievance procedures. Health insurance. Journalists, authors, poets, commercial writers. National Writers Union, Box C, 13 Astor Place, New York, NY 10003.

WOULD YOU LIKE to be more closely involved with *The Nation*? Join The Nation Associates and get behind the scenes at America's oldest weekly journal of opinion. Call Sandra Zickefoose (212) 242-8400.

ORGANIZATIONS

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. Information: N, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, PA 18036.

PERSONALS

PERSONALS ADVERTISERS

A Nation Box number and weekly forwarding service is available for a one-time $10 charge added to the cost of your classified ad.

CONCERNED SINGLES NEWSLETTER
links compatible singles concerned about peace, justice, environment. Nationwide. All ages. Since 1984. Free sample: Box 555-A, Stockbridge, MA 01262.

HOUSTON, TX. Passionate internationalist seeks attractive, well-educated woman, left or very left. Enclose photo. Nation Box 525.

SWEDEN, POLAND, ENGLAND, MEXICO: Correspondence for sincere, unattached professionals. Scanna International, PO Box 4-NT, Pittsford, New York 14534. (716) 586-3170.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, 41, poet with unique history—liberation theology, left activist—seeks brilliant, sensitive companion. Nation Box 513.

I HAVE A WEATHERED FACE, strong body, probing mind, soft heart, searching spirit, concerned consciousness. Been involved in Zen, Kabbalar, Yoga, Tai Chi, Macrobiotics. Ski, camp, attend ballet, theater, write poetry. Born in Brooklyn, lived in LA, Saigon, Teheran, DC, SF area now. Space systems cost engineer. Who are you? Nation Box 526.

ATTRACTIVE NYC REDHEAD, 39, loves music and the outdoors, is looking for a man with warmth and integrity for friendship, romance and a possible lasting relationship. Nation Box 527.

STRIKING, FIT, FUNNY SWF, 30S, left, academic, writer/poet, rower—seeks tall, brilliant, chiseled counterpart. Letter/photo. POB 1196, Cambridge, MA 02142.

If responding to a Nation Box number send replies to: Nation Box _____, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

ACTIVIST CAMPAIGN. Voter Revolt, California's leading citizen group that beat a $70 million insurance-industry campaign and passed the Ralph Nader-backed insurance reform, Prop. 103, has organizing positions available. Defend 103 and help build for future campaigns to protect citizens against corporate abuse. $15,000-$24,000, plus health. Summer jobs also, $225-$350/week. Voter Revolt, 3325 Wilshire Boulevard, #550, Los Angeles, CA 90010. (213) 383-9618.

WORK IN NICARAGUA. Architects and Planners in Support of Nicaragua are seeking volunteers for Technical Assistance positions. Architects, planners, computer personnel, engineers, hydrologists, carpenters, masons, mechanics, electricians, medical personnel, English teachers , and others are encouraged to apply. Call (213) 455-1340; write APSNICA, P.O. Box 1151, Topanga, CA

SUMMER STAFF, ADULT/YOUNG ADULT (16+) for progressive Conference/Vacation Center. World Fellowship, Conway, NH 03818. (603) 356-5208.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

GOVERNMENT JOBS $16,040-$59,230/year. Now hiring. (805) 687-6000 Ext. R-3596 for current Federal list.

WANTED: Student representatives to help spread the word about *The Nation*, sell subscriptions and earn extra cash. For more information call or write: Jay Pearsall, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011 (212) 242-8400.

RESEARCH ANALYSTS: Hotel Employees & Restaurant Employees International Union hiring research analysts to assist union organizing and collective bargaining in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago and Las Vegas. Responsibilities include selection of organizing targets and company-specific "corporate campaigns." Benefits include medical, dental and auto insurance. Contact: HERE/Research Dept., 1300 W. Third Street, Los Angeles, CA 90017.

BECOME A PARALEGAL. Work with attorneys. Lawyer-instructed home study. Free catalog. 1-(800) 223-4542. Dept. LF531.

WOMEN'S PROJECT DIRECTOR for Association for Union Democracy. Salary $18,000-$24,000, union experience preferred. Send résumé: AUD, 30 Third Avenue, Room 619, Brooklyn, NY 11217.

FUNDRAISER/NEWSLETTER COORDINATOR needed for 25-year-old, multi-issue peace and justice organization. Starting July 1. $13,200 a year. Job description available on request. Résumé, writing sample and cover letter to: Personnel, Washington Peace Center, 2111 Florida Avenue, NW, Washington, DC 20008. (202) 234-2000. Deadline: May 24. EOE.

MARKETING DIRECTOR—Politically progressive nonprofit organization needs leader to manage marketing programs, conduct research, lead staff and serve on senior management team. Qualifications: 3 to 5 years developing and managing marketing programs, supervising staff; experience conducting national marketing campaigns through direct mail, advertising; experience managing printing and production; familiarity with politically progressive market segments; MBA or marketing degree; experience working in cooperative workplace. Résumé to: Alisa Gravitz, director, Co-op America, 2100 M Street, NW, #310, Washington, DC 20063.

FINANCIAL DIRECTOR—Politically progressive nonprofit seeks CFO/Operations Director to manage strategic planning and budgeting; analyze new business opportunities; manage accounting team, audit, tax preparation and financial reporting; manage legal and contractual obligations; oversee computer operations and administrative needs, and serve on senior management team. Qualifications: 3 to 5 years financial management experience and MBA/finance degree. Hands on accounting/bookkeeping experience. Familiarity with microcomputer hardware, database and accounting software. Supervision experience and good people skills. Experience working in cooperative workplace helpful. Résumé to: Alisa Gravitz, director, Co-op America, 2100 M Street, NW, #310, Washington, DC 20063.

BUSINESS MANAGER for Witness For Peace. Oversee finances, bookkeeper, and guide budget preparation/analysis. Accounting experience with nonprofit organization required. Location: Durham, NC or Washington DC. Send résumé: Rev. Navas, 252 Bryant Avenue, White Plains, NY 10605.

WITNESS FOR PEACE *needs Executive Director immediately.* Experience in administration, commitment to faith-based purpose of WFP, experience living/working in Central America, personnel skills, articulate, writing/analysis skills, fluent Spanish. Location: Durham, NC or Washington, DC. Send résumé: Yvonne Dilling, 1451 Dundee Avenue, Elgin, IL 60120.

DEVELOPMENT DIRECTOR. National Manhattan-based women's legal rights organization seeks experienced individual to direct fundraising. Responsibility for direct mail, major donors, corporate and foundation campaigns. 3-4 years experience. Salary mid-$40s. Résumé to NOW Legal Defense and Education Fund, 99 Hudson Street, New York, NY 10013.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

PUBLICATIONS

TECHNOCRACY-TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for $2 from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

LEFT BUSINESS OBSERVER—a monthly newsletter on economics and politics worldwide. "A salutary antidote to the economic mush in mainstream periodicals."—Alexander Cockburn. One year $18. 3-issue trial $6. Left Business Observer (Dept. N), 250 West 85th Street, New York, NY 10024.

THE PEOPLE. Marxist biweekly. Since 1891. 4 months/$1. 1 year/$4. The People (N), PO Box 50218, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

FAIRTEST—National group dedicated to reducing bias/overuse of standardized tests. Quarterly newsletter *FairTest Examiner*, $15/year. Send $1 and long SASE (45¢ postage) for sample. FairTest, Dept. Nation, 342 Broadway, Cambridge, MA 02139.

THE TREASURY MONETARIST. The best newsletter on money, banking and the Federal Reserve for the novice, businessperson and investor. Introductory 1-year subscription FREE. Write: MONETARY SCIENCE, Box 86-NA, Wickliffe, OH 44092.

INDEPENDENT quarterly journal covering corporate acquisition of the grass-roots press. $25 annually. SMALL TOWN TALK, PO Box 2654, Fort Bragg, CA 95437.

RADICAL TEACHER. A socialist and feminist journal on the theory and practice of teaching at all levels. Recent issues about: *racism, women's studies, education in revolutionary* societies, standardization. $8/year. Radical Teacher, Dept. N, PO Box 102, Cambridge, MA 02142.

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT HOMES from $1 (U repair). Delinquent tax property. Repossessions. Call 1-(805) 687-6000 Ext. GH-3596 for current repo list.

SERVICES

C.P.A. RETIRED—Part-time accounting or bookkeeping. All work through financial statements and taxes. Conviviality primary, salary secondary. Bernard. Days: (212) 967-5410.

SUMMER RENTALS

SAG HARBOR. Rent 18th-century saltbox cottage in Sag Harbor's historic district for 2-3 weeks in August. Sloping floors, cats, gardens, hammock, pond view. Walk to town, bike to bay and ocean beaches. Call (516) 725-0257 Fridays through Mondays.

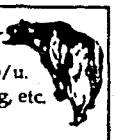
TRAVEL

NICARAGUA. Join our 8-day, people-to-people delegation for an experience you'll never forget. Leaving Los Angeles or meet us in Mexico City. Write for schedule. Office of the Americas, 1227 4th Street, Santa Monica, CA 90401. (213) 451-2428.

CRUISE ENGLISH CANALS with left historian-skipper. $495 weekly, inclusive. Box 2083-N, Springfield, MA 01101. Tel: (413) 562-9296.

SEE FOR YOURSELF! Go BEHIND THE SCENES in the SOVIET UNION. Meet the people, see how they live, experience their culture. Unique, full-service programs now available. 1-(800) 835-2246, Ext. 89.

YELLOWSTONE PARK
Family size car camping tours
include gear, meals, guide, airport p/u.
Flexible itinerary with hiking, rafting, etc.
FREE BROCHURE
Yellowstone Guide Lines
16634 Bridger Canyon • Bozeman, MT 59715
(406) 586-2876



"ROAM THE WORLD BY FREIGHTER," introduction to unusual, *deluxe* travel, $3. TravLtips, Box 218U7A, Flushing, NY 11358. 1-(800) 872-8584, (718) 939-2400.

MEXICO. Spanish—Culture—Tours. Escuela Azteca: summer, Cuernavaca. Live with a Mexican family. Study with Professor Ross Gandy (Marx and History, Mexico 1910-1982). Simple Spanish, visual aids. Aztecs, Mayas, Juarez, Mexican Revolution. Tours of pyramids, revolutionary murals. $170 each two weeks. Brochure: Escuela Azteca, Rio Usumacinta 710, Cuernavaca, Mexico. (73) 15-24-69.

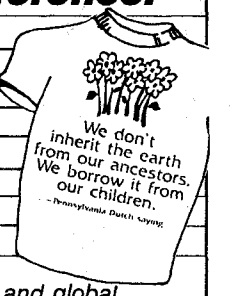
STUDY/WORK/LIVE OVERSEAS! Since 1977, ***Transitions Abroad*** has helped travelers plan their own overseas adventures. One-year subscription ($15) includes four issues, annual *Educational Travel Directory*, plus FREE *Guide to Living Overseas* (if prepaid).
TRANSITIONS ABROAD
Box 344-6303 Amherst, MA 01004

PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP TOUR of Australia and New Zealand this August. Brochure: Phil Zwerling, 2936 W. 8th Street, Los Angeles, CA 90005.

T-SHIRTS

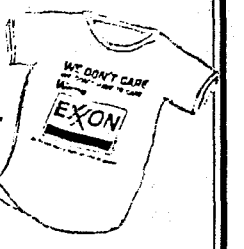
Wear designs that make a difference!

We don't inherit the earth from our ancestors, we borrow it from our children.
—Pennsylvania Dutch saying.
#134 Teal



Exciting original designs of personal and global transformation. Lovingly produced by hand with great care.
SIZES Adult S–M–L–X
T-SHIRT 100% preshrunk cotton $11.95
SWEAT 50/50 cotton/poly $20.95
Add $1.75 for shipping. Check, money order or charge card. Free catalog.
DARNELL DESIGN 503/773-5782
P.O. Box 4691-T, Medford, OR 97501

Send EXXON a message.



Our T-Shirts are all-cotton, white, with a red/blue design: **"We don't care, we don't have to care, we're Exxon, at Exxon we're part of the problem."**
Number of T-Shirts you want in each size: ___S ___M ___L ___XL
$10.00 each
❑ My check for $_____ is enclosed
Please bill my: ❑ Visa ❑ MC
Expiration date _____
Account No. _____
Signature _____
Please enclose your return address with the order form and send to:
MULTINATIONAL MONITOR
P.O. BOX 19405 WASHINGTON, DC 20036

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates $1.50 per word, 15-word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words, abbreviations and zip codes as one. Classified Display $60 per column inch.

Deadline Wednesday, 26 days prior to Monday issue date.

Discounts Pay for 3 runs, get 1 more free. Pay for 7 runs, 3 more free. Pay for 15 runs, 10 more free.

To THE NATION
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., NY 10011

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for _____ weeks, plus _____ weeks free.

Advertiser _____

Address _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

Attach ad, typewritten if possible.

Payment must accompany order. **Payment in U.S. currency.**

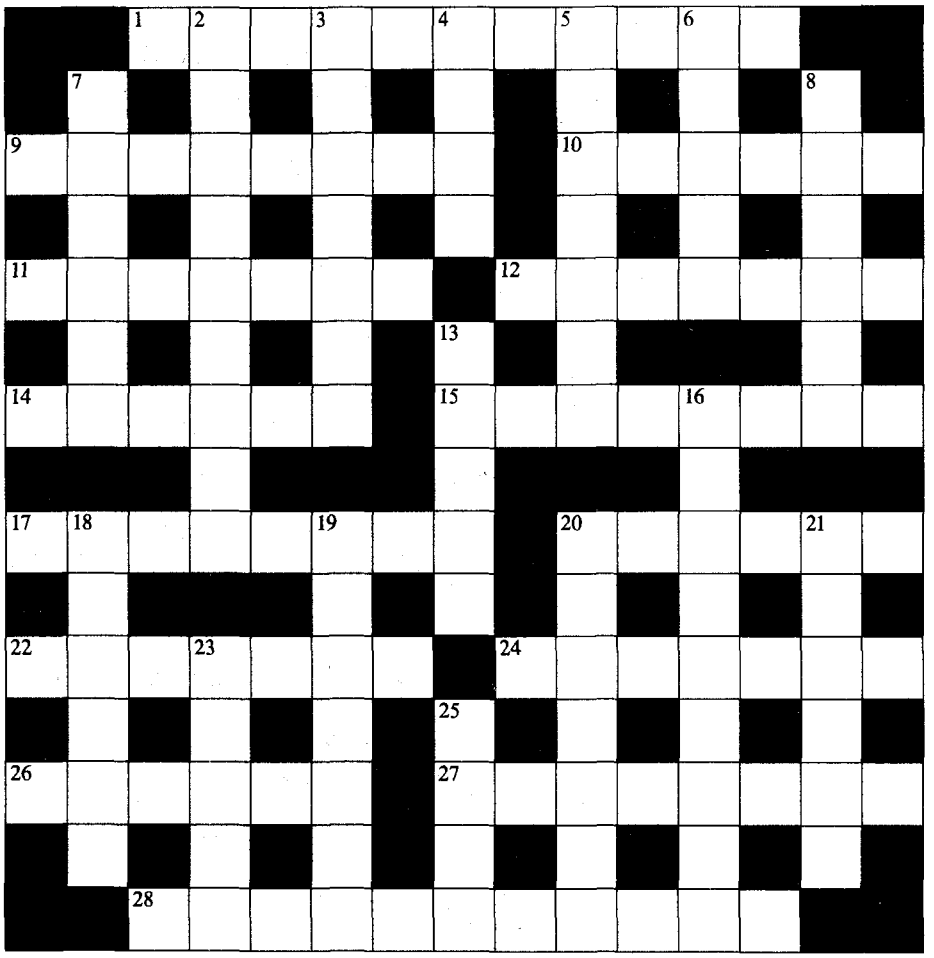
SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2242

L	E	S	S	I	S	M	O	R	E	■	S	C	A	B
O	■	T	■	R	■	E	■	E	■	U	■	H	■	I
N	A	R	R	A	T	E	■	H	A	N	D	I	N	G
G	■	I	■	N	■	T	■	E	■	D	■	C	■	G
L	O	V	E	■	D	I	L	A	P	I	D	A	T	E
I	■	E	■	F	■	N	■	T	■	V	■	G	■	R
V	E	S	T	I	N	G	■	S	P	I	N	O	Z	A
E	■	■	■	R	■	■	■	■	■	D	■	■	■	N
T	A	B	L	E	T	S	■	B	L	E	S	S	E	D
H	■	O	■	B	■	A	■	R	■	D	■	P	■	B
E	D	W	A	R	D	L	E	A	R	■	L	I	N	E
K	■	K	■	E	■	A	■	V	■	D	■	N	■	T
I	B	N	S	A	U	D	■	A	D	A	M	A	N	T
N	■	O	■	K	■	I	■	D	■	M	■	C	■	E
G	E	T	S	■	O	N	T	O	G	E	T	H	E	R

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 2243

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 25 down A secluded place, however you won't trip over the dog with such a warning! (3-2-3-3,4)
9 See 6 down
10 What you might sing when everything is in an awful state? (6)
11 As one might say, "Humbug!" A pull-back to activities in the gulf, recently newsworthy. (7)
12 Totally reprehensible—he, and I, and the two of us in Paris! (7)
14 Illicitly distilled whiskey, contained in a vessel, even if chiefly literary. (6)
15 One might take it when feeling poorly, surrounded by fake jewelry. (8)
17 One might fly out of hell to find it in the atmosphere, where stock might be disposed of. (8)
20 Reputedly contained in some madness, came across like a brick-carrier. (6)
22 Not likely to be found in the "IN" basket at some British military installation. (7)
24 Composer of Line B, arranged in first to last order. (7)
26 What sounds like an ill-disposed transport has this girl going the first day of the week, as a final expression. (6)
27 The team that makes an Irishman run amok? (8)
28 In very pronounced fashion, this sort is very stale. (11)

DOWN

2 Was subject to something—but that's what the Nautilus did! (9)
3 The mixed type in a liliaceous plant is perhaps only a matter of belief. (7)
4 See 8 down
5 Evergreens are said to be of immortality. (7)
6 and 9 across Eventually completely bushed with high jinks? (3,2,4,4)
7 In the Caribbean, catch game, also surround it. (7)
8 and 4 down As a result of accident, no formal neckwear might be required. (10)
13 and 23 Don't kill the acting roles—they may be useful if your car breaks down. (5,5)
16 It's being worked on—stylish with them, but ending up sick. (2,3,4)
18 Gewgaw which, to a degree, is sort of blue. (6)
19 A call to get playing! (Shotgun position?) (2,5)
20 The sort of cocktail that's never good for you? (7)
21 One dined after work, however briefly, which might cause one to feel sleepy. (6)
23 See 13 down
25 See 1 across

PUZZLE BOOK

Book 5 of "*The Nation*'s Best Puzzles" is available for $5.50. Send your check or money order to: E.S. Lewis, 32 Pembroke Avenue, Acushnet, MA 02743.

ABOUT YOUR *NATION* SUBSCRIPTION

NOTE: Subscription orders, changes of address, and all subscription inquiries should be sent to: The Nation, Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305.

Please allow us six weeks to solve a subscription problem or to change your address. These transactions are handled by our subscription service in Marion, Ohio. They operate their computers on a long-range schedule that allows for orderly processing, generating reports and producing labels for mailing the magazine.

You may get a bill or a renewal notice after you have already paid or renewed. Please disregard it. Bills and renewal notices are mailed on a monthly basis, but since the information must be pulled two weeks before the mailing, bills and payments sometimes cross in the mail.

Changing your address. When you change your address, we need the complete old and new addresses as well as a copy of your mailing label, if possible. If your new address is temporary please send to "temporary address change" and make sure to include your permanent address, your temporary address, and the dates of the change.

Missed copies. We publish 47 issues and send over 2½ million copies to our subscribers each year. Occasionally copies go astray, for a variety of reasons. If you notify us of missed copies within 60 days of the issue date, we will be happy to replace them.

Mailing list. The *Nation* makes its subscription list available to carefully screened organizations whose programs or services may interest our readers. No one is allowed to use our list without our approval. If you do not wish to receive such solicitations, however, please advise us and we will delete your name from the lists we make available.

Foreign subscriptions. Copies going overseas are shipped by surface mail and may take several months to reach subscribers. Air mail is more expensive but copies will arrive usually within two weeks. Air mail rates are available on request.

The Nation hopes to give its subscribers the best possible service. We appreciate your cooperation and understanding.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let's End the Isolation of the Secular Left from the Religious Left

Few on the secular Left understand the social dimensions of the Gospel, and the way the Catholic bishops, in their recent pastoral letters, placed economic democracy on the national agenda and nuclear disarmament on the nation's conscience. Few have paid much attention to the progressive social witness of Protestants. Few know what Christian activists are doing in Latin America, South Africa, South Korea, and in the ghettoes and barrios of our land. Few realize that the papacy has called for workers' ownership and self-management and that its economic views have acutely irritated apologists for big business. Few have considered the role of believers in the opposition to nuclear weapons and U.S. belligerence in Central America, and in the pro-democratic dissident movements in the East bloc.

We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW — an ecumenical monthly edited by lay Catholics, and written and read not only by Catholics, but by Protestants, Jews, Eastern Orthodox, and even nonbelievers — believe it's time for progressives of all persuasions to inquire into the sources of resilience, energy, and social passion found among religious progressives. We are particularly interested in exploring religious commitments that yield humane social consequences, as exemplified by such giants as St. Francis, Gandhi, Bonhoeffer, Barth, Tawney, Schumacher, Mounier, Buber, Tolstoy, Merton, Dorothy Day, Archbishop Tutu, Lech Walesa, Martin Luther King Jr., Simone Weil, and Archbishop Romero.

To read the NEW OXFORD REVIEW is to learn about Nicaragua from eyewitnesses, the moral trap of greed and consumerism, the consistent ethic of life, our deteriorating health care system, pro-environmental and profamily economics, the dignity of manual labor, the idolatry of nationalism and might-makes-right, the need for a spiritually based world view, betrayals by neoconservatives and yuppies, the retreat of Born-Again Chic and New Right fundamentalism, the pros and cons of liberation theology, and much more.

Those who write for us — pathfinders who straddle the fence between the "secular" and "religious" worlds — include such diverse beacons as Christopher Lasch, Walker Percy, Robert N. Bellah, John Lukacs, Henri J.M. Nouwen, Jean Bethke Elshtain, Robert Coles, Michael Lerner, and J.M. Cameron. We bat around a wide variety of issues and defy easy pigeonholing. *Newsweek* has called us "thoughtful and often cheeky," the University of Chicago's Martin E. Marty finds us "lively," and the *Library Journal* has predicted we will "doubtless command increasing attention." If you think it's time to end the isolation of the secular Left from the religious Left, and vice versa, subscribe today!

(Please allow 2 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue)

SPECIAL DISCOUNT RATES FOR FIRST-TIME SUBSCRIBERS

- ☐ One-year subscription. . . . . .$14 (regularly $19)
- ☐ One-year student, unemployed, or retired person's subscription . . . . . .$12 (regularly $16)
- ☐ Two-year subscription . . . . .$23 (regularly $35)
- ☐ One-year Canadian or foreign subscription . . . . US$17 (regularly $22) Payment must be drawn in US Dollars
- ☐ Sample copy. $3.50

NAME (Please print or type)

STREET ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

Send coupon or letter. Make check payable to NEW OXFORD REVIEW. Mail to:

NEW OXFORD REVIEW
Room 614
1069 Kains Ave.
Berkeley, CA 94706

PAYMENT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED